THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 59 — COSHOCTON, OHIO, OCTOBER 6, 1883.—10 PAGES. — NUMBER 40

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement.

COUNTY AND VICINITY.

SERVICES in Trinity Church Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

COMMUNION services in Presbyterian church October 14

REV. D. B. HERVEY will preach for Rev. W. E. Hunt next Sunday.

W. S. KLINE & Co. shipped 10,800 pounds of butter at one time last week.

MR. W. A. CARNAHAN, of Lexington, Ills., is visiting his friend Mr. S. A. Boyd.

MR. M. CONKLE, of Columbiana county, visited his son Rev. J. H. Conkle this week.

REV. J. H. CONKLE will occupy his pulpit in Grace M. E. Church, Sunday morning and evening.

THERE will be services in Trinity Church every Sunday evening and every other Sunday morning.

MESSRS. SELBY, MOORE & CATON speak to our readers in a new advertisement this week. Read it.

BERKOWITZ has the largest stock of Children's Overcoats—14 different styles from $1.50 and up.

MESSRS. SELBY, MOORE & CATON have placed on their shelves a large line of new goods. Read what they say about them elsewhere.

CHARLES FREDERICK and Miss Barbara S Mullett, both of Jefferson township, were married at the Presbyterian parsonage, Sept. 30, by Rev. Wm. E. Hunt

BERKOWITZ has just received another lot of those splendid $6 Suits!

REV. D. TRICHLER will preach the 25th anniversary sermon of his ministry in the Baptist Church next Sunday evening at seven o'clock. Sunday School at 9:30 P. M.

MR. W. T. MEANS announces in this paper that he has purchased the stand of Mr. J. S. Stockman, and will engage in the manufacture of boots and shoes from first-class material, and will guarantee a fit. Give him a call.

BERKOWITZ makes a specialty of fine Suits and Overcoats. Every gentleman can be suited in style and fit.

MISS MINNIE DEMOSS, daughter of our well-known townsman, Mr. Lewis DeMoss, and Mr. L. W. Robinson, of New Haven, Conn, were married Thursday at the residence of the bride's parents in this town. Rev. W. E. Hunt performed the ceremony before a number of invited guests. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson left on the afternoon train for their eastern home.

BERKOWITZ has the handsomest satin lined custom made overcoats.

THE temperance address delivered by Mrs. Molloy in Grace M. E. Church was by far the most entertaining and practical of any ever delivered on the public platform in Coshocton, not even accepting Hon. Mills Gardner. As an orator she can not be excelled. She will speak in Roscoe this (Friday) evening. Go and hear her,

MESSRS ABRAHAM AND GEORGE WEATHERWAX, of Bethlehem township returned last week from a six weeks' visit in New York State, during which time they wore at Niagara, on Lakes Ontario and George and Albany, N. Y.

VISITORS to the fair will find the greatest attraction in the magnificent display of fine clothing exhibited by BERKOWITZ.

THERE will be a Sunday School concert at the Branch Church, Jackson township, Saturday evening, Oct. 13th, 1883. Revs. Roberts and Clark are expected to be there, and the Moscow Cornet Band will be on hand to furnish music. Admission, all over 10 years 15 cents. Proceeds to go for the benefit of the School. All are invited to attend.

ON Tuesday Mrs. S. B. Myser and children left Coshocton after a sojourn of several months in this county, for their former home in Toledo, Chase county, Kan., where lie the remains of their beloved husband and father, C. C. Myser. They will doubtless be welcomed back to their home not only for their own sake but for the sake of their deceased one whom the neighbors all loved so well.

J. F. Compton will soon move into his elegant new room in the Forbes Block, and although too late to properly arrange his stock before the Fair will be prepared to accommodate his customers with whatever they may need in the Drug line Mr. Compton proposes to carry the largest and most complete stock of Drugs in this section of the State. Old acquaintances and strangers are invited to call and see him in his new place of business.

BERKOWITZ has the cheapest Overcoats in the city.

A Walker Lie

The Republicans have placed money in every township, with the avowed intention of Dorseying this county. In this township a swag of two hundred dollars was placed in the hands of a saloon keeper, for the purpose of purchasing votes for Crawford. But the disreputable henchman, becoming excited over the lavish disbursements of greenbacks, offered to wager fifty dollars that Crawford would be elected. It is needless to say that his bet was promptly taken, and the importunes for other bets were met by this ninny, with more money than brains, until the entire sum was placed on the result of the contest between the candidates for the Treasurership. This very indiscreet act, on the part of his agent, made it incumbent on Crawford to pay this place an extra visit this week, when the additional fund was placed with less doltish managers.—Standard-Commonwealth.

We desire to say that the above is simply a Walker falsehood.

Having basely betrayed a large number of honest Democrats of this county, they determined that he should not be made Treasurer if they could prevent it The bet alluded to was made by a Democrat, with a Democrat, and was Democratic money. The Republicans are not betting and no underhand game is being played. By the aid of honest Democrats who are repudiating Mr. Walker they hope to rebuke political ringsters and tricksters and place in the Treasurer's office a man whose honesty has never been questioned

MR. WM. PORTEUS, one of the most extensive farmers in the Muskingum Valley, died at his residence south of Coshocton, Wednesday morning, aged 63. Death resulted from flux. He was interred in Franklin cemetery Friday, Revs. Fisher and Thrapp officiating. His funeral was attended by a large number of friends and relatives.

MR. BARGAR is against the interests of the grangers, and when 1000 farmers petitioned the Legislature in the interests of agriculture, he insulted them by securing a defeat of their proposed bill. Intelligent grangers should treasure this up against him. Mr. Love is a prominent member of the Grange.

BY NEXT Tuesday Mr. J. F Compton, the well-known druggist, will have removed his store into his new room in the Forbes Block, and will be the first business man to take possession. The room and building is an ornament to the town, and it is safe to say that none are more entitled to such an elegant place of business than Mr. Compton, because he has shown by his course that he is well fitted for his line of business in the fact that he is a practical chemist, and knows what the people want. In his new room he will have the best arranged Drug Store in the county.

Vote for Joe Love

Mr. Joseph Love, the Republican candidate for Representative, is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a life-long practical temperance man, and if elected will vote to enforce the Second Amendment if adopted, and if it is defeated will vote against the repeal of the Scott law. Mr. Bargar is pledged to oppose all temperance measures, it matters not of what character. If you are consistently supporting the Second Amendment you can not do otherwise than cast your ballot for Mr. Love.

WALKER'S CIRCULAR.

Mr Wm Walker has had printed a circular letter in the German language, addressed to the Germans of the county, in which he attempts to win them back by administering taffy, and denying certain remarks he has been heard to make concerning them. But the Germans should regard his letter as an insult.

While Mr Walker was a candidate before the primaries he announced that as soon as the nomination was made he would straighten up that $300 business, but four months have gone by and he still remains silent. Having failed to do in one case what he promised, the people should not now listen to his desparing cry. All he wants is to hoodwink them into supporting him, and if elected, then he will turn his back upon them. Do not be deceived.

BERKOWITZ has the nobbiest Ties and best Hosiery for the least money.

W. W. BOSTWICK cordially invites everybody to come and see his immense line of Watches, etc.

Temperance Meeting in Opera House To-Night.

Ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, and Lou J. Beauchamp will speak upon the Second Amendment in Coshocton Opera House this (Friday) evening. Let all turn out!

Rev D. Trichler performed brief funeral services at the residence of Alex. Hay, on Main street, Monday morning, prior to friends leaving on the 10:45 train with the remains of Mrs. M. D. Hambleton who died Sunday evening.

COURT HOUSE NEWS.

Probate Court.

The last will of Anthony T. Addy was admitted to probate and ordered to be recorded. James Addy, the executor named in the will, was appointed by the Court. Bond, $8,000.

The last will of John Bickel was filed and application made to have it admitted to probate. Said application will be for hearing October 6, 1883, at one o'clock P. M.

Paul Ashman, a native of England, Charles C. Winter, a native of Germany, Patrick Reynolds, a native of Ireland, and Thomas B. Roberts, a native of New Brunswick, were admitted to citizenship in the United States of America, and each took the oath of allegiance required by law.

Marriage licenses were issued to Hiram E. Cooksey and Luella Parks Jonathan Ely and Emma S. Bixler, Wm. H. Divan and Catherine Neldon, Charles Frederick and Barbara S. Mullett, Leoni W. Robinson and Minnie DeMoss, Robert J. Mirtland and Mary C. Loos.

County Commissioners.

The Board met in regular monthly session on Monday. Bills and accounts were presented and allowed to the amount of $3279 70.

The Auditor was instructed to advertise for sealed proposals for relaying the brick pavement on the east side of the public square, and for laying of brick pavement at the corners of the Court House.

Transfers of Real Estate.

Sampson McNeal to John Chub, 3 acres and 126 perches in Monroe township, for $113.

Alonzo Leighninger to Violet Haver, quit claim to 20 acres in Oxford township, for $100.

Melissa Wartsbaugh to James M. Haver, quit claim to 20 acres in Oxford township, for $2,200.

Charles Marquand to Eliza North, 80 acres in Virginia township, for $1,000.

Eliza North to James Slaughter, 80 acres in Virginia township, for $3,200.

Martin Gross to Jonathan Bigrigg, lot in Hardscrabble, for $175.

Rosalia Williams et. al to George Weatherwax, quit claim to 157 acres in Clark township, for $120.

Michael Schott to Conrad Mayer, lot 52 in Roscoe, for $500.

Conrad Mayer to Margaret Schott, lot 52 in Roscoe for $500,

Clerk's Office.

Cora J. Hesket vs Wm. S. Hesket. Petition for divorce; cause, habitual drunkenness and gross neglect of duty.

Mr. Bargar's Legislative Record and What He Will Do If Returned.

Perhaps as important an office as the people of Coshocton county have to fill next Tuesday is that of Representative to the Legislature—important in the fact that the county feels interested in sending to Columbus a man who will properly and honestly represent his constituents, and shed lustre upon the name of our people. It is not so important from a political stand point, because the political majority in the Legislature will not be materially affected by the predilection of the Representative from Coshocton. It is simply a question of honor and trust, and the question arises can Mr. Bargar fill the desires of the people? Let us examine his record and see.

First as to the temperance question: Every temperance measure that was discussed in the last Legislature received Mr. Bargar's determined opposition, with the single exception of a proposed license amendment to the constitution. He voted against the Pond law, he voted against the Scott law, he voted against the Smith Sunday law, and in favor of allowing the saloons and slums and death holes to ply their nefarious trade on Sunday free and unmolested; he voted against the submission of the temperance amendments; he proposed and earnestly plead and voted for a license amendment; he drafted the license clause in the party platform; he appeared before the Supreme Court as the paid attorney of the liquor dealers; and as Chairman of his Committee he levies assessments upon the saloons of the State and courts and solicits their aid. He has fully demonstrated that he is for the saloon as against the home, for the slum as against the church, for the degradation and death of the dives of the great cities as against the interests of the people of his own county. If returned to the Legislature he goes pledged by his actions to vote ror the repeal of the Scott law and will oppose the enforcement of the second amendment if it shall be adopted. In short, his every act demonstrates that under any and all circumstances he will vote with the saloon element and against the wishes of his constituents. Can temperance men vote for him under these circumstances? When the devil can drink holy water without making a wry face; when a Jew can worship the Virgin Mary; when the angels of heaven keep guard around the throne of King Bacchus, then can a temperance man who honestly and conscientiously support the temperance measures vote for Mr. Bargar.

But this is not all. We would be glad if this was the only chapter from the record made within the last two years, that rises up and condemns him in the public estimation.

Shortly after entering the Assembly, actuated by an ambitious spirit, and a desire to shove himself forward and make for himself a record (laudable enough when honestly pursued) he borrowed from the statues of Indiana an anti-strike bill and introduced it into the House. It was a blow at the great laboring interests of the State, and at once the laboring men of the Mahoning Valley and other parts of the commonwealth were in arms, and resolved in emphatic terms against the proposed law and the author. Mr. Bargar at once subsided, but the principle was developed, and though he has time and again attempted to explain, he only makes matters worse with each succeeding attempt. Can the laboring men of the county vote for him? What do the 300 miners in and around Coshocton say? Consult your interests and vote accordingly.

Can the agriculturists vote for Mr. Bargar?

More than 1,000 farmers in the county petitioned the Legislature through Mr. Bargar for certain changes in the manner of conducting the fair, but he ignored their desires and virtually spat in their faces. Not having the manhood to come out boldly and say to his farmer constituents that he opposed the plan petitioned for he dodged the question, attempted to mislead and finally secured its defeat.

Can the people up the Walhonding valley vote for Mr. Bargar? For more than four months he caused the impression to prevail that he had secured from the State Board of Public Works permission to repair the canal; and only when the matter was pushed home, was it discovered that the Board had never entered into any such an agreement. This is the testimony of Mr. Paul, Mr. Weible, (Dem.) and the clerk of the Board. What can this be called but a plain unvarnished falsehood It has been claimed that letters would be produced to set Mr. Bargar right, but they have not yet seen the light.

There are two bright, yea brilliant spots in Mr. Bargar's legislative career that stand forth like oasis upon a blank, dreary desert, and being such resplendent, glittering and vivid evidences of the gentleman's statesmanship, we are really pleased to refer to them at the close of this truthful record of his Legislative life.

These are his bills to prevent adulteration of intoxicating liquors and to hinder speculation in theatre tickets! Of course the farmers who raise corn in this county to be manufactured in to whisky are especially desirable that the juice of the grain that is produced by the fertile valleys and loamy hills of our fair land shall go trickling down the throats of the consumer without the presence of strychnine or dog-leg tobacco, and that the devilishness produced thereby shall be of a genuine corn color.

But the theater ticket bill is the sublimest in its illustrative qualities; for what more concerns the people of our county than that rascally speculators in theatre tickets, including variety shows and dance halls, shall be punished! Truly Mr. Bargar rose to the heights of statesmanship in thus looking after the interests of his constitutents!

Sober sense would seem to dictate that Mr. Bargar should be delegated to remain at home.

THE METHODISTS.

Final Report of the Meeting of the East Ohio Conference.

Correspondence Coshocton AGE.

CANTON, OHIO. Oct. 2.—Conference has adjourned, and out-going trains are crowded with ministerial delegates, many of whom go home to pack up their traps and move to pastures new.

The attendance was unusually large, the sessions were remarkably interesting, and the visitors go away feeling that it was good to be here.

The appointments to charges for the coming year were read at the close of yesterday's session and were listened to with marked interest. I notice that Rev. J. H Conkle is returned to Coshocton, which will no doubt be agreeable news to all your readerr. No changes are made in the Canton churches, Rev. D. C. Osborne remaining with the First and Rev. W. L. Dixon with the Second.

In my first letter I reported the proceedings up to Thursday, when Conference was addressed by Dr. Hunt, of the Methodist Book Concern of New York. He said the Concern had in the past four years paid $250,000 on the debt incurred in the purchase of new buildings, and in the year just ended had earned $72,000.

The Board of Bishops in a communication suggested that a minister be appointed this year to preach at the next Conference on the Centenary of the M. E. Church in 1884; that a committee of ministers be appointed to have charge of the work of holding special services throughout the Conference in observance of the Centenary; that an effort be made to pay all existing debts upon churches, and that a thank offering be raised The following Committee on Centenary was subsequently appointed: Messrs. S. M. Hickman, John Tibby, J. M. Gaw, G. B. Smith, W. H. Locke, A. W. Butts, W. L. Sluts and H. Webb.

On Friday Conference, by an almost unanimous vote passed a resolution opposing any change in the time limit in pastoral charges in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The following were admitted into full connection: John J. Wallace, Andrew C. Ellis, Henry B. Stauffer, Chas. E Locke, Jos W Satiswaith.

To Deacons' orders: Anthony C Welch, Levi L Fisher.

Continued on trial: James L Herron, Ira H Harris, Chas W Harshman, Luther S Rader, Henry L Stevens, W H Dickerson, John D Nulton, Edward S Bowers, Charles E Petty, Leroy S Johnson, Stephen J Loyd, George D'Norris, John C Smith, John Secrest, Thos H Taylor.

To Elders' orders: Wm K Yingling, Hiram W Kellogg, Mark G McCaslin, Thos H Armstrong, Geo M Wilson, John F Ekey, Charles M Hollett, William Ferguson, Geo S Umbelby.

To Local Deacons' orders: John M Keck, Nixon Stewart, S C Kellsy, Jesse L Mills, Robt A Cassidy.

The transfer of D H Lee, of the South Indiana Conference, was requested, and his relation made effective.

Moses Scott, of the M E Church of Canada, was admitted to membership.

The report on temperance was read and adopted. It is in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and calls upon the people to labor and vote for the second amendment only.

The relations of the following ministers were continued:

Supernumerary—Joseph Shaw, J D Norton, C W Reeves, J M Bray, J J Excell, D Misener, A B Morton, M Hill, G G Waters (transferred from Iowa Conference) T S Hudson and R S Hogue were made effective.

Superannuated—I Dallas, S Baker, C R Chapman, A Reeves, E R Radcliffe, S Lewis, L Perry, C H Jackson.

The following were elect ministerial delegates to the General Conference which meets in Philadelphia in 1884: Messrs. W. H. Locke, J. R. Mills, S. Burt, G. W. Gray, E. Hingly and W. H. Seeley. Messrs. W H Wilson and J M Carr were chosen as reserve delegates.

The Lay Conference met on Friday in the Second M. E. Church, and elected as delegates Mr C Aultman, of Canton, and Richard Brown, of Youngstown.

On Saturday the report of the board of stewards was read and adopted. Total receipts for the past year, $5,198.91. Total claim against the conference, $6,000. The apportionment among the districts for the following year was as follows; Cleveland, $750; Akron, $750; Canton, $900; New Philadelphia, $800; Cambridge, $600; Barnesville, $800; Steubenville, $800; Youngstown, $600.

J B Hammond and John Tribby were granted supernumerary relations; J D Leggett and Frank D Fast were granted superannuated relations; N U Walker was admitted to elder's orders.

The following were admitted to conference on trial: John F Fisher, John M Heck, John W Eicher, J R Jacobs, J S Hollingshead, E B Wilson.

On Sunday the pulpit of nearly all the city churches were occupied by visiting clergymen.

At the closing session on Monday Youngstown was chosen as the next place of meeting, after which the usual vote of thanks was passed, appointments were read, and Conference adjourned.

The following is a complete list of the appointments for the New Philadelphia District:

NEW PHILADELPHIA DISTRICT—Ezra Hingeley, P. E.
Adamsville, Luther Timberlake
" J S Hollingshead
Asbury, J W Eicher
Athens, H M Rader
Bethel, J I Wilson
Cadiz, S Y Kennedy
Coshocton, J H Conkle
Deersville, J W Fouts
Flushing, J K Grimes
Freeport, D H Lee and Thomas Wood.
Gnadenhutten, John Beetham
Kimbolton, J R Cooper
Leavittsville, D C Knowles
Leesville, T W Anderson
Liberty, N B Stewart
Milhersville, D W Knight.
New Philadelphia, John Brown
Philadelphia Plains, W H Dickerson
Plainfield, J J Jackson
Scio, W D Stevens
Tyrone, J E Hollister
Uhrichsville, Geo B Smith

The following appointments were made by the North Ohio M. E Conference for Mt. Vernon district:

P. B. Stroup, Presiding Elder.
Bakersville—J. F. Hook
Centerbury—I Crawford.
Chesterville—T. Clayton.
Danville—J. McK. Barnes.
Fredericktown—W. H. Painter.
Gambier—L. H. Baker.
Homer—Jessie Williams.
Keene—B. Hushour and one to be supplied.
Kilbuck—To be supplied.
Mohawk Village—E. J. Warner.
Mt. Vernon—J. S. Broadwell.
Newcomerstown—W. C. Ensley.
North Liberty—F. G. McCauley.
Roscoe—S. R. Clark.
Sparta—A. McCullough.
Utica and Martinsburg—J H Long.
West Bedford—M G Wilson.

AN immense stock of Rings at Bostwick's.

Attraction for Fair Week.

The well-known Agnes Wallace-Villa Combination have engage the Opera House for next week, and will occupy the stage three nights, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. This company is well-known to our people as being first-class, and the following from the Canton Repository is appropriate and convincing:

"Agnes Wallace is an actress of the very highest order. She is beautiful and graceful. As a second piece the funniest comic opera ever written, "Cinderella" was presented. Samuel B. Villa took the part of Clorinda, Cinderella's oldest sister, and to say he pleased everybody, but feebly expresses the truth. From the moment Mr. Villa came upon the stage until the last shift was made and the curtain dropped, he kept the audience in a roar. Sam Villa is simply immense. During the play of "Cinderella" and while dressed as Clorinda, he favored the audience with a medley of popular songs, in which he won high opinions from the auditors. He was called and recalled, and yet no one had enough."

Tickets on sale at City Drug Store.

BERKOWITZ can't be beat for nobby styles, best fits and lowest prices.

THOSE Black and Colored Silks, in all grades and prices, at Marks' New York Store in west room Park Hotel building, are superb and must be seen to be appreciated. Examine them Fair week.

NOW IS THE TIME

And D. Rose & Son's the place to secure FURNITURE of all kinds at prices that can not be duplicated in Eastern Ohio.

BERKOWITZ has the nobbiest boys' suits at prices less than ever before quoted.

THE opening of Hay & Ransom Thursday, Friday and Saturday, of this week, should attract a large attendance, as the store is most beautifully arranged and the goods look very tempting.

FOR samples in work of photography see frame in Postoffice, from E. W. Matthew's gallery.

BERKOWITZ has the largest and best stock of Underwear and Shirts in the city. Come where you can get your exact size.

MCNEIL & JOHNSON still lead the trade on Fifty Cent Tea.

AT ALL TIMES

You can get work done satisfactorily, at Matthew's gallery, Second street.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

When you come to the Fair you want to call at Burns' Jewelry Store, Main street, and see his large stock. He has anything you may want in the Jewelry line and he sells at the very lowest margin.

BERKOWITZ has on sale during the Fair, Children's Overcoats for $2 50.

ROASTED Coffee from 12½ to 25 cents per pound at McNeil & Johnson's.

WATCH!

All the best make of American and Swiss Watches are to be found at Burns', the Jeweler.

GO TO Matthew's for your photographs. Instantaneous process; no long settings.

THEY ALL

get their Jewelry from Burns, the Jeweler, Main street.

BERKOWITZ is selling the handsomest Children's Suits for $2.50.

YOU GET

Chains, Rings, Bracelets, Pins, Silverware, Clocks and Watches, at prices to make you glad, at Burns', the Jeweler.

ELEGANT Chamber Suits, beautiful Parlor Suits, in fact Furniture of all kinds, styles and prices at D. Rose & Son's. More furniture than all other houses in the county combined.

BERKOWITZ can't be beat for nobby styles, best fits and lowest prices.

INVESTIGATE FOR YOURSELF

All the Furniture establishments in Eastern Ohio and then come to D. Rose & Son and see if you do not find the cheapest, best and most complete stock of Furniture of all kinds, all of which is sold at bottom prices.

J. WRIGHT and C. Roller have purchased the Great German Compound which in future will be known by the name of "Electric Panacea," for the speedy cure of Pains, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, and is also a specific for Asthma and many other complaints. They also have the "Eureka Salve," the very best ever offered in any market. They expect to open a Dispensary in this village where these valuable remedies will be made and continually kept on hand. We wish every one to try them and if perfect satisfaction is not given, we warrant the money refunded.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN OUR BUSINESS.

We shall from week to week have what we call specialties: This week we shall offer a line of one-half Hose, at 25c. per pair, worth 40c. These are regular goods, but we bought a large quantity, and shall sell them at the low figure of 25c. per pair. D. M. MOORE, Popular Custom Clothier.

A FINE line of Ladies Gold Watches just received at W. W. Bostwick's. Lower price than ever.

When you come to the Fair bring your produce to McNeil and Johnson's C. O. D. Store, and get cash or trade for it.

The anti-swing Pin, to keep the neck-tie down, at D. M. MOORE'S, the leader in new things.

THE Big Watch Jeweler is the place you want to find. W. W. Bostwick.

A new lot of Silk Handkerchiefs, of the new shades, at D. M. Moore's, the Custom Clothier.

LEADER Sewing Machine will be on exhibition on Coshocton Fair Grounds. The finest, best and cheapest Sewing Machine in the world. Don't fail to see it. Sold by Elliott & Askrens, Coshocton, O.

A HEARTY WELCOME

will be extended to all who visit D. Rose & Son's Furniture Establishment, and the largest and best line of Furniture to be found in Eastern Ohio will be found for sale. Seeing is believing.

When you come to town and want a good lunch, go to McNeil and Johnson's C. O. D. Bakery. Best bread and cakes in town.

W. W. BOSTWICK has returned from New York with a fine line of Watches etc., all of which will be sold as low as by any other firm in the United States. Call.

Head-Quarters for Neck-wear at D. M. Moore's, the leading Gents' Furnisher, 422 Main street.

WHEN you go to the Fair don't fail to call on W. W. Bostwick, the Big Watch Jeweler. He has the finest line of Watches, and at lower prices than evere before.

The largest stock of staple and fancy groceries, at McNeil and Johnson's.

THE GREATEST SURPRISE

To the people of Coshocton county is the startling bargains offered at Mark's New York Store, in west room Park Hotel building. Especially true is this in the way of cloaks and dolmans. He is now showing the largest line in the county ranging in prices from 95 cents to $40. Never anything like it. Go and see them.

CALL on W. W. Bostwick, the Big Watch Jeweler, when you go to the Fair.

This is the time of the year to be looking for Underclothing. We have a full line of red, fancy and white Undershirts, ranging in price from 25c. to $3. Don't fail to call at D. M. Moore's, the Artist Tailor, before buying.

IF you want a Watch W. W. Bostwick can sell it to you as low as the lowest. Call and let him show you.

D. ROSE & SON can sell you Furniture cheaper than any others, and will show you a larger line than is to be found elsewhere in Eastern Ohio.

GOODS! GOODS!

Plenty and cheap; all kinds of goods—Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries. Specialties—Blankets, Cassimeres, Under Wear and Dress Goods. Come, see, and buy, J. POCOCK & SONS.

The Five Seam Sacque Coat, cut and gotten up by D. M. Moore, is creating a sensation; the only house in the city cutting it. Others will follow soon.

DON'T fail to see the Watches and Jewelry at W. W. Bostwick's, sign big watch.

BERKOWITZ defies competition in style, fit and prices for fine clothing.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

A Blarsted Englishman in a Huge State of Disgust.

A Thriving and Bustling Young City—Some Pointed Impressions of the Country and People—An Urgent Demand for the Weaker Sex.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

BISMARCK, D. T., Sept. 29, 1883.

I have just met a disgusted Englishman, all the way from "Lunnon" originally, but more recently from Fargo, whose population he pronounces "the bloodiest lot of blawated thieves outside the penitentiary." And well might our English friend proclaim his disgust at Fargo and all Fargoans, for he had put up at the wrong hotel and been robbed so thoroughly that he hadn't apparel enough left to wad a gun. But Fargo is one of the smartest towns of all these communities of smart people, and she proposes to prosper in spite of the bitter opposition that she constantly encounters, not only from her sister Moorhead over the way, but from the outlying towns for miles and miles away, which are green with envy over the successful career of this dominant city of the Red River Valley. Containing now a population of more than 12,000, Fargo is simply in its swaddling clothes, so far as the trade of the region is concerned, for it is surely destined to be one of the largest and most important commercial points in the whole Northwestern country. Here is the absolute basin of this vast and fertile valley of the Red River, whose products are to contribute no small share of the world's stock of provender. Nor is the wonderful fertility of this valley any new discovery, since the Hudson Bay company, in conjunction with the English and Canadian fur companies, planted their colonies and reaped their rich harvests from this soil almost a century ago. The rise, progress and downfall of these colonies form a terrible chapter of the cupidity that plunged these companies into a war with each other; and the annal of the Western border are black with the savagery that was invoked upon all sides to make the warfare more sanguinary and the victory more bloody. Here extending from south to north for 250 miles, and from west to east from 40 to 50 miles, is one vast field for the production of wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat, rye, potatoes and garden vegetables, entirely unexcelled by any equal area of country in all this wide world. And these broad acres are all to be utilized at once; and they are to pay handsomely for their cultivation, for there are five and fifty millions of our own mouths to feed, to say nothing of the moiety that must go to the closely-peopled countries of the old world.

Moorhead, to which reference has been made, is on the Minnesota side of the Red River, and has a population in point of numbers to suit the convenience of its most reputable liars. Commercially it is not wanting in any of the attributes of smartness that characterizes its sister city of Fargo, and as a distributing point has exactly the same facilities. The town has a God-forsaken look, its streets being solely devoted to the nurturing of a sea of black muck that is too thick for navigable purposes and too thin for pedestrian or vehicular purposes. The foot-prints of the inevitable Yankee, however are seen on every hand, for the school-house and the church, and the newspaper stand out in conspicuous prominence in connection with the mania for real estate speculation. Like Fargo, it is no place for drones, and the man who expects to sit down with his hands in his own pockets instead of other people's, will be very likely to be sat down upon and sent home.

In my travels thus far through Dakota I have been able to gather up some impressions of the country, and its people that would seem to demand a brief comment. And first, the laboring man, as such is at a decided discount everywhere. His living is high, while his wages are low. This comes of the terrible influx of laborers at a time when there was a great demand for a single class, such as carpenters, bricklayers, etc. Hundreds at the East left profitable employment behind them to come here, and yearn to get back again, without being able to pay their way. The laborer or skilled artisan who can not here command double the wages that he did in the East, must absolutely deprive himself of the comforts and the necessities of life, for after he has paid his $10 or $12 per week for ordinary board and sustains his extraordinary weekly expenses outside of that, he discovers the impossibility of making both ends meet. Of clerks and book keepers there is and always has been a surfeit. No more are wanted, as they are already here in sufficient numbers to grow space with the country and its business.

There is, however, a great, and I might say a prayerful demand for a class of female help that seems to fight shy of all newly settled communities. The girl or woman who is capable of doing housework in large or small families can command her own price. The Norwegian emigrant, with no conception of the English language and no adaptability to American customs or cookery, is the good housewife's exasperation; but she is the only available material for the performance of household duties here, and she is paid a higher rate of wages per week than the man who bores mountains and spans the valleys for the advent of the railroad. Good, worthy, reliable girls who can command the vernacular, can also command fabulous wages.

In my last letter I briefly alluded to the healthfulness of this portion of the country and its advantages to those who are suffering from pulmonary complaints. While the climate is equable to a degree that we find nowhere else in this country, the air has an invigorating quality that affords remarkable aid in the recuperation of broken down constitutions. This characteristic of the climate, despite the severe winters, has induced the settlement in all parts of the Territory of hundreds and probably thousands who are getting a new lease of life in the compulsory process of roughing it in a new country, and participating in the general excitement of booming new towns, a subject which I propose to treat in my next.

DOM PEDRO.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

Correspondence Coshocton Age

OGALLAH, TREGO CO., KANSAS, Sept. 14, 1883.—Trego county is situated a little west of the center of the State. It was organized in 1879. The population at present is about 2,600, about three inhabitants to the square mile. Wakeeney is the county seat and the largest town. There are eight postoffices. The Union Pacific Railroad crosses the county near the center in a direction north of west. The stations are Ogallah, Wakeeney and Colleyer.

The general surface is rolling. It is somewhat broken in the north along the Saline River. The only timber in the county is some very narrow belts along the larger streams. Back of the streams the drainage is collected by shallow channels called "draws." There are no marshy tracts in the county.

Small veins of coal exist in some parts, but are too shallow to be of any value. Soft magnesia limestone is found along the Saline River and Big creek, which is extensively used for building purposes; but for the sake of economy a great many farm houses are built of sod. There are some few "dugouts" but they are mostly out of date in this section. Chalk of a superior quality is found in several localities. A bed near Wakeeney is being worked and an excellent article is produced.

There are in this county 75,600 acres of Government land, subject to homestead, pre-emption and timber culture, and 68,304 acres of common school land, average price per acre $3.70. Of Union Pacific Railroad land there are 204,430 acres, average price per acre $3. There are 22 organized school districts, with a school population of 719. Wages for teaching run from $20 to $40 per month.

The principal crops raised are corn and wheat. Rye and sorghum are principally raised for feed. The crops are very light this season, owing to the dry weather. Wheat will make about a half crop, worth 60 cents a bushel; corn is almost a failure; it was dried up by the hot winds, which are one of the calamities of Western Kansas. They are supposed to come off the buffalo grass.

A great many people are leaving here this fall, owing to the dryness of the country. It is seldom that they go out of the State. Most of them go into the eastern part, where it is said there are good farms, with houses and other improvements on them, for rent. The most common term for rent is give one-third of the crop. Splendid crops were raised in that section this season. Those that stay here console themselves by thinking there will be so much more range for pasture. The general experience of the settlers seems to be they did not understand how to make the best use of the country. They invested too much in land and farming; whereas they should have turned their attention to grazing, for which this country is noted. Dry weather does not seem to effect the buffalo grass. Old settlers of Kansas say that the eastern part has the same history that this is going through—dry seasons, settlers coming and leaving, etc. It is admitted by even those leaving that the seasons are getting better as the country settles up, but it seems they have not the "sand" to hold out for better times.

Stock raising is the chief branch of industry. A great many cattle are raised. They are herded here, but further west they are not herded. Every spring the cattle dealers form a union and hire the cattle "rounded up." When they are "rounded up" they sort out what they want to ship, brand the rest and turn them loose again. It takes about three months to round up. Men hired to round up are called "cow boys." He can generally be found hid under a large, broad-brimmed hat, with a pair of leather breeches on. There is one toy, however, which he never leaves at home, and that is his pistol. He uses it to celebrated holidays with. He never carries an almanac, and manages to forget the day of the month so that he can celebrate the Fourth of July or some other holiday whenever he comes to town.

A great many horses that are used here are those which have been brought in from the wild herds. People seem to delight in breaking them to work or ride. They will throw the lasso on one that has never been caught before, hitch it up and let it run. It makes but little difference where it runs or how fast; the faster the better, for it can't do much else while running fast. The same in riding them. They are not hard to break, except in breaking one to ride, you have always to be ready for him to "buck," for it is very seldom you can find one that won't buck. The medicine they give for that is a couple of spurs, which somewhat resemble a wagon wheel without the rim, by the way, which are one of the essential parts of a cow-boy's uniform.

Wild animals are not very plentiful here. Some of the most common are the wolf, antelope, jack-rabbit and coyote. The prairie dogs have some peculiarities about them. They are about the size of a half-grown woodchuck. They live in towns; one can seldom be found away from the town. The town sometimes spreads over several hundred acres. Owls, rattle snakes and prairie dogs all live in the same hole.

A VISITOR.

The North American Review for October presents a most attractive table of contents. Senator N. P. Hill writes of "Gold and Silver as Standards of Value," and maintains that silver should be coined as well as gold, not for the purpose of inflating the currency, neither in the interest of the silver-mining industry, but for the broader and more equitable purpose of preserving uniformity in the value of metallic money, and of preventing such contraction of the volume of money as would produce financial disaster. In "Some Aspects of Democracy in England," A. V. Dickey makes clear to the American reader how it is that while all the forms of monarchy and aristocracy persist in Britain, the democracy, or, in other words, public opinion absolutely controls the actions of the government. Under the title of "Co-operative Distribution," the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton gives an instructive historical sketch of the rise, progress and fluctuations of co-operative merchandising in the United States during the past fifty years. Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins writes of "Early Man in America," whose mode of life and whose implements appear to have been identical with those of the races that contemporaneously inhabited the Mediterranean countries, the Nile basin, and the tropical forests of India. The possibility of "Astronomical Collisions" whether of the fixed stars with one another or of comets with the sun the earth or the other planets, is considered by C. A. Young. Moncure D. Conway discourses learnedly, and at the same time most entertainingly upon the "Saint Patrick Myth." Van Buren Denslow in an article on "Board of Trade Mortality," makes a vigorous defense of the practices of the Corn Exchange and in particular replies to the strictures of Mr. Henry D. Loyd, contained in the Review for August. Frederic Harrison contributes an article, invaluable to the historical student on "Histories of French Revolution." Finally, the Rev. E. Hale presents an inventory of the volume and distribution of "Social Forces in the United States." Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York. $5 00 a year, 50 cents a number.

THE TERROR OF THE SOUTH.

JASPER, FLA.—Mr. Boardman W. Wilson traveling for A. G. Alford & Co., dealers in Firearms and Cutlery Baltimore, was prostrated here with the "break-bone fever;" he asserts that in his own, as well as others, the only thing found to relieve this painful malady was St. Jacobs Oil. This wonderful pain-cure has the endorsement of such men as Ex-Postmaster General James, Senator Daniel W. Voorhes, and an army of others.

GLOBE SMASHERS IN THE SKY.

THE DANGER AND POSSIBILITY OF ASTRONOMICAL COLLISIONS.

What Would Happen if The Earth Should Run Into Another World—Wonderful Stars Whose Blaze May Have Been Caused by Collision—Little Danger From Comets.

From the North American Review.

The universe of space is, in one sense, full and crowded. Everywhere our telescopes find stars; and for every one we see there are probably hundreds, and even thousands, too faint or small or far away to reach our senses. And of this countless host of worlds not one is at rest, but all are rushing through space, free and unbridled, with velocities far exceeding anything in the range of our terrestrial experience. Our swiftest cannon shot takes more than three seconds to go a mile, but the stars and planets seldom move slower than five miles a second, and some of them go 200 miles. The veriest snail among them would overhaul a rifle ball in the same sort of way that a rifle ball would overtake a receding freight train. Is there not, then, danger of collisions? Have such collisions ever occurred, and if so, with what consequences?

Now in the first place, it is only in a sense, and rather a Pickwickian one, that space can be called crowded. True, stars are to be seen in every direction; but this is because our vision reaches so unimaginably far. If we restrict our consideration to bodies of irrespectable magnitude—a hundred miles in diameter, for instance—we ought rather to say that space, instead of being crowded, is almost inconceivably empty. Between any star or planet and its nearest neighbor lie usually desolate distances of millions, or even millions of millions, of miles. If we assume, what is probably an underestimate, that the region commanded by our telescopes is so vast that light takes a thousand years in coming to us from its outer confines, and, further, that the number of its stars is a thousand millions (the number visible with our largest telescopes is usually estimated at about sixty millions), then we find that the average distance from star to star must be about nine millions of millions of miles. This is not quite half the actual distance from the sun to our nearest stellar neighbor (a Centauri), according to the received value of its parallax; but it is a distance which quite defies the power of human comprehension. If two stars at such a distance were rushing toward each other with a speed of ten miles a second, it would require nearly thirty thousand years to bring them together. Represent the sun, as in Sir John Herschel's familiar illustration, by a globe two feet in diameter, so that oranges, cherries peas, and pins' heads would stand for the different planets at distances ranging from eighty feet to two miles, then, on that scale, a Centauri would be eight thousand miles away. Obviously, there is plenty of elbow room in the universe, and the chance of two stars accidentally jostling each other is far less than that of the collision of two bullets in mid air over a battlefield. Still the possibility remains.

There is a prevalent impression that the immunity from collision between the heavenly bodies depends mainly on their being held in orderly orbits by central attraction; and it is true that their orbital constraints make it quite impossible for the planets to collide with each other, or even to approach each other very closely. But a very impressive picture is sometimes drawn of what would happen if the earth, for instance, should some time free herself from the bonds of gravitation—how she would fly off into space, which is true of course, and soon dash herself to pieces against some other wandering world (which is not true at all, or at least not probable). Most likely, if gravitation were suddenly to cease, the earth would travel for millions, not of years, but of ages, without even encountering anything more important than meteors, such as are now continually falling upon her surface. And these meteoric encounters, even, would probably be far less frequent than at present, since there is reason to suppose that such bodies are much more numerous in the neighborhood of the sun, and of other great stars, than in the rest of space.

Evidently, however, the attractions between a wandering star and others lying near its path must considerably increase the chances of collision, though not to so great an extent as perhaps might be supposed. A body entering our system at a distance from the sun one hundred times as great as the radius of the earth's orbit, and moving with no more than the velocity natural to a comet at that distance—about 2¾ miles per second—would not strike the sun unless its path were directed within less than half a degree of the sun's centre; and if its velocity were greater, the aim would have to be still more accurate to score a hit. If bodies were shot into space at random from the position and with the velocity indicated, only about one in eighty-six thousand would hit the sun. Were it not for the sun's attraction, however, the proportion would be twenty-eight thousand times smaller still:—only one in seventeen hundred millions.

It is obvious, therefore, that encounters between heavenly bodies of considerable magnitude must be extremely rare. There is not in all the astronomical record a single certain instance of such an occurrence. And yet it may confidently be asserted that some time or other in the past such events must have happened, and some time in the future will happen again; simply for the reason that in a sufficient length of time, the most improbable things, if not impossible, are sure to come to pass. Now, it is almost certain that the stellar motions are not such as to render collisions impossible; the planets, it is true, as has been said before, can never run into each other, because of the size and nature of their orbits, but, so far as can now be ascertained, nothing of the sort holds good for the motions of the stars. We already know enough about some of their so-called "proper motions" to be quite sure that, as a fact, they are not travelling in any simple curves around any common centre, and also that some stars are flying through space with such velocities that no attraction, such as can reasonably be supposed to act in the premises, can control them. Nor does theory, any more than observation, indicate a structure of the stellar universe at all analogous to that of the planetary system. Among the stars there is no central dominance and no imperial power, but we have to do with a republic of comparatively free and independent members.

Sir Wm. Thompson is therefore fully justified in writing: "It is as sure that collisions must occur between great masses moving through space as it is that ships, steered without intelligence to prevent collision, could not cross and recross the Atlantic for thousands of years with immunity from collision." Undoubtedly the chance of an encounter between a pair of heavenly bodies selected at random is trifling, almost beyond power of computation, and the intervals of time between such catastrophes in that part of the heavens subject to human observation must be on the average enormous; but yet, in infinite time and unbounded space—somewhere or other now, sometime or other here—such things are happening, or will come to pass.

If ever two great worlds do really meet in this way, it is possible to predict some of the consequences. To use the technical language of science, "their energy of molar motion will be converted into various forms of molecular and potential energy;" which, translated into the vernacular, means that there will be evolution of heat and light, while at the same time the solids present will be wholly or in part liquefied, the liquids vaporized, and the vapors and gases rarefied and expanded. The intensity of the action will depend, of course, mainly upon the mass and swiftness of the colliding bodies; but an easy calculation shows that if our earth were ever to meet another globe like herself, and moving with the same velocity, heat enough would be generated by the shock to transform them both into a huge ball of vapor; unless, indeed, the central core of the earth is much colder and more refractory than usually supposed. At any rate, the quantity of heat developed would be sufficient to melt, boil, and completely vaporize a mass of ice fully 700 times that of both the colliding worlds—an ice planet 150,000 miles in diameter.

If, however, the impinging masses were, to begin with, mainly gaseous—as the sun seems to be—the effect might be curiously different. Heat would, of course, be generated, just as in the case of solid bodies; but, as a consequence, apparently most paradoxical, the resulting nebula might actually be cooler than either of the bodies before the encounter; of course, it would be immensely expanded in volume. Just as a gaseous mass, contracting under its own gravity from loss of heat by radiation at its surface continually rises in temperature, so a similar mass, expanding against its own gravity from accession of heat within may fall in temperature, nay, must fall if the body is composed of "perfect" gas. Of course, immediately after the collision, and before the ultimate expansion of bulk was attained, the temperature and brilliancy of the mass would for a time be vastly increased, but the final result would be as stated.

In a preceding paragraph it was said that we have not a single instance of any collision between bodies of considerable size. But there have been several cases of a most remarkable phenomenon, which perhaps may owe its explanation to such encounters. Stars never before visible, or else known only as faint and minute, have suddenly blazed out, shining sometimes with the brilliancy of Sirius, or even Venus, and afterward faded down to its former insignificance. Such was the famous star of 1572, so carefully observed by Tycho Brahe. As recently as 1866 and again in 1876, similar things have happened though these later stars were less conspicuous. The star of 1876 (in the constellation of Cygnus) had long been known and catalogued as a telescopic star of the ninth magnitude, with nothing to distinguish it from the common herd. On Nov. 24 it suddenly shone out as bright as the pole star. Schmidt, of Athens, who discovered it had been observing that very region only four days and no such object was then visible. The intervening days were cloudy, so that we cannot tell exactly the hour when it first blazed up, but evidently its increase of brightness must have been extremely rapid. Immediately after Schmidt's observation it began to fade, but it was two weeks before it fell below the sixth magnitude and became invisible to the naked eye, and it was more than a year before it resumed its original faintness. Its whole course was carefully watched with the spectroscope.

At first, and for some months, like the star of 1866, it showed conspicuous in its spectrum the lines of hydrogen, together with other lines of uncertain origin. As its brightness decreased the hydrogen lines faded still more rapidly leaving other lines more prominent, until at last the spectrum, instead of becoming that of an ordinary star, came to consist simply of three bright lines, the spectrum of a nebula, and it continues such to this day. Whether this is or is not the same spectrum it had before the outburst no one can say, as it had never be observed with the spectroscope before.

Now, I am very far from asserting that this was a case of collision; and yet it is clear enough that the whole course of phenomena was very much what might have been expected if it were. At any rate, the collision hypothesis is held and defended by several astronomers of authority, and the principal reason for preferring a different possible explanation lies in the fact that these "temporary stars, as they are called, are far too common to be probably due to stellar encounters. We have on record eight since the Christian era, and no less than three of them since 1840.

It is hardly necessary to say that if any retinue of planets attends such a star its sudden blaze cannot fail to carry disaster and destruction to all life upon them. We can conceive that forms of life may be possible under almost any imaginable physical condition, provided only that the course of events by which they have been reached has been gradual enough to allow the necessary adaptation. One would not dare to deny the possibility of life of some kind on the airless moon, or even on the sun itself. But all we know makes it certain that no planetary life could survive the tremendous and catastrophic change of conditions involved in a sudden thousand fold increase of the solar radiation.

Thus far we have been considering only collisions of stellar masses. But space is filled also with minor particles, separated only from each other by intervals of a few hundred miles; and these, and these in the form of meteors and shooting stars, are rushing through space, dropping continually upon the larger worlds, increasing their size and adding to their store of heat and energy. Every year the earth encounters nearly three thousand millions of them, according to the estimate of Prof. Newton, ranging from the merest particles to masses of several hundred weight. Very probably, also the comets belong to the same category, being really nothing but larger meteors or perhaps even only puffs of meteoric dust. Nearly all the meteors which strike the earth are very minute. Perhaps a hundred or so reach the ground each year as recognizable masses of stone or iron, weighing from an ounce or two to some hundreds of pounds but all the rest are dissipated in the upper air, and never come down unless as impalpable dust, not to be certainly identified. The whole amount of matter falling daily upon the earth from outer space is probably one hundred tons on the average (it is variously estimated from twenty-five to five hundred.) A hundred tons is in itself a very considerable quantity, but utterly insignificant as compared with the mass of the earth, and entirely incapable of appreciable effect upon our temperature. Assuming even the largest estimate (five hundred tons a day) and also that the average velocity with which meteors enter our atmosphere is fifteen miles per second (probably considerably too large) we find that the heat annually received from them by this earth is only fifty-three calories for each square meter of her surface—less than would be imparted by two minutes' perpendicular sunshine, and only about 1-60,000 of the heat actually received from the sun in a year. Retaining the same extravagant estimate of 500 tons a day, it appears that the earth's diameter would grow about an inch in one hundred millions of years, and that her distance from the sun would be reduced about eighty-three feet in a million years, in consequence of the resistance experienced in moving through the meteoric swarms.

It would not, however, be just to the general reader to dismiss the subject without fair notice that some eminent astronomers hold views at variance with those above expressed. The late Prof. Peirce maintained to the end that the heat of the sun is chiefly due to the impact of meteors, and also that the earth itself receives as much heat from meteors as from the sun, a necessary result if the solar heat is so produced. Of course we have no space to discuss the matter here, and must be content with merely saying that the quantity of matter which falls upon the earth, if his idea be correct, ought to be easily noticeable, amounting to about fifty tons a day to each square mile. It involves also serious difficulties in the planetary theory.

So far as human beings are concerned, the most important question connected with our subject, is whether anything is to be feared from comets, as a consequence either of collisions with the earth or their fall into the sun. It may be said, just as of the stars before, first, that cometary collisions, either with the earth or sun, must be very rare occurrences; and, secondly, that they are practically certain to happen some time or other. Babinet computed, on the one hand, that a comet would strike the earth on an average about once in 15 000,000 years; on the other hand, we know at least three comets whose orbits cut the earth's path so closely that if they should ever reach the crossing at the same time as the earth a collision must occur. These comets are known as Biela's, Tempel's, followed by the Leonid meteors in its train, and the comet of 1843, which precedes the Perseids. One of the three, however, (Biela's) has probably ceased to exist as a comet, and it is quite possible that the other two may vanish in the same way before we meet them.

As to cometary encounters with the sun, no comet has yet been known actually to strike the sun, but several have grazed very near it. The great comet of last year brushed through the corona, and came within 300,000 miles of the photosphere, and there is no assignable reason why some other comet should not actually pierce it.

As to the consequences of a comet's collision with the earth, it is impossible to predict them with scientific certainty; probably, however, they would be insignificant.

It seems, on the whole, probable that a comet throughout is only a cloud of dust and vapor—a mere smoke wreath—than that there is at the centre of any solid kernel of preponderant mass.

It is likely that the encounter with a comet would be entirely harmless—simply a most magnificent and brilliant shower of shooting stars lasting for an hour or two—a phenomenon which one might well desire to see.

As for the effect of a collision between a comet and the sun, in respect to which there has been much disquieting speculation of late, the probability is that we on the earth should never know it, unless we happened to be expressly watching the event. For a few minutes, just as the nucleus was piercing the photosphere, there might be some unusual flash of brilliance and a fine out burst of solar prominences, followed, perhaps, and very probably, by intense magnetic and auroral disturbances on the earth; but the main thermal transformation of the impinging energy would be effected far below the visible surface of the sun, and would result merely in a slight expansion of its bulk, far too slight to be detected by terrestrial astronomers.

C. A. YOUNG.

Death of a Former Well-Known Coshocton Citizen.

From the Davenport (Ia.) Daily Democrat, September 23d, 1883.

Another long-time resident and merchant of Davenport passed away yesterday—and his death dissolves the oldest firm of business in the city.

Mr. Hugh Carnahan died at the residence of his partner, Dr. J. E. Stevenson, on East Sixth Street, at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon—and in his death the city loses a good man.

Mr. Carnahan was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, in September, 1816. When he was a small child his parents removed to Coshocton county, in the same state—and there he was reared. He was the youngest of nine children. After he had received his schooling, he learned the trade of cabinet making and remained in the occupation in Coshocton until the year 1851. His health had become poor through fever, and it was feared that if he remained in that country he could not survive. His friend, Dr. Stevenson, was about to remove to Davenport, and Mr. Carnahan decided to remove to the then-time west with the Doctor. And they came to this city together, and established the firm of Stevenson & Carnahan, in the drug and medicine business; and for thirty-two years the two were in partnership—a partnership dissolved only by death. Yesterday morning, theirs was the oldest business firm in Davenport.

Mr. Carnahan was very quiet, unassuming, modest, but was possessed of a good mind; he was a student and a great reader as well—kept posted in literature, science and politics, and had a remarkable retentive memory; and his acquaintances—people who met him often—admired the man for his knowledge and his peculiar method of stating his views. He would condense much in little—convey a great deal of information, make direct, strong argument, which could not be well answered very well at the moment, because he never made a statement or indulged in a discussion unless he knew his ground thoroughly. He had everything arranged in compartments in his mind, and would draw information from them as a business man will draw accounts from pigeon holes in his well arranged desk. He was honorable and upright in all things, and very kind-hearted. For many years after he would make a trip to the east to buy goods—but unless business called him away he seldom went out of the city. Thus he pursued the even tenor of his way, attending to his business and his studies, and forming warm friendships with some of the city's best men who learned to appreciate him.

Four years ago Mr. Carnahan was stricken with paralysis when alone in his room over the firm's drug store, 320 Brady street. He recovered from the effects of this stroke in a few months, and became almost as strong as he was before the attack—and was increasing in strength when, in March last, he had another slight attack. Since then he has not been well—troubled with weakness continually. Last Tuesday he was stricken with paralysis, and when nobody was with him, as before, and when he was in his room in Dr. Stevenson's house. The doctor found him in an easy chair, helpless, and aroused him with difficulty. But when he did get possession of his mental faculties, he told the doctor all about the attack—how a sudden weakness caused him to stick to the chair, and then awful pains set in over his eyes and in the back of his head and continued until he lost consciousness. Dr. Stevenson gave him proper care, and placed him in bed. Eight hours afterward apoplexy came, and Mr. Carnahan went into a comatose condition, and remained in that state until he died.

The nearest relatives of the deceased are a sister, Mrs. Nancy Renfrew, and a brother, both living in Coshocton, Ohio, and Mrs. Eliza Wiethaupt, in Lexington, Illinois.

[The brother referred to in the above is Mr. Wm. Carnahan, of Canal Lewisville.

Mr. Wm. Carnahan, of our town, is a nephew of the deceased. Dr. Stevenson who is mentioned, is a brother of our late townsman, Mr. Peter Stevenson, and of our present townsman, Mr. Emil Stevenson, and makes frequent visits to his friends here.—ED. AGE.]

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POLITICAL NOTES.

IF IT were not for the large belts worn around Saturn, the Democratic party would beat the universe on rings.

SENATOR CULLOM, who succeeds David Davis, will not literally fill the latter's place, for he isn't much more than half as big, being only a medium-sized man. He is a good talker, and, like the average Illinois statesman, is full of anecdotes and "little stories."

THE Ohio Democrats are doing their heaviest campaign work in the northern half of the State In this section most of the speaking on the Democratic side has been done. As this is the wool growing and mining region of the State, it is easy to see which portions of the voters the Democrats hope to influence

ON the way home from the Buffalo Convention, at least two Democratic strikers from New York City fell from the cars while in rapid motion and were severely hurt. Less whisky or railings around the platforms of the cars must be provided if such accidents are to be avoided on Democratic Convention trains

SENATOR WILLIAMS, of Kentucky, expects to see Carlisle elected to the Speakership, a Western man nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats, and himself chosen as his own successor to the Senate. Mr. Williams agrees with the Kentucky school of statesman that Mr. Randall does not represent the Democrat party on the tariff question.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE ORTON, of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, took occasion the other day, in rendering a decision, to free his mind on the subject of the jury system. He does not mince matters in the least, but boldly declares that the proverbial uncertainty attending jury trials is such as to warrant the total abolition of the system.

THE Macon (Ga.) Telegraph does not insist upon having a Southern man for Vice President on the next Democratic National ticket, because the North with its "pestilent politicians" is not yet ready for it The election of the Democratic ticket is what the Telegraph is agonizing after, and it declares that Justice Field alone has "a certainty" as the leader of that ticket

A DEMOCRATIC victory in Ohio means a victory of the whisky and bummer element over the respectable portion of the community. It means the success of the lawless over the law and order party; ignorance over intelligence, and of the inebriates over sober people. It means turning our great State over to the control of the whiskyites Therefore every good citizen should protect himself by voting the straight Republican ticket on the 9th of October.

CONGRESSMAN ROBINSON, the Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, was a member of the State Special Committee on the Improvement of the Mississppi River When the committee visited that river he secured a vote at the first meeting by which the Sergeant-at-Arms was ordered not to furnish any liquors. For once such a trip was made in which there was no intoxication and no scandal. The cities of Memphis, Helena Natchez and New Orleans tendered great dinners. At his suggestion they were declined, and the time given to visiting the improvements which the Government was making.

THE Convention to frame a State Constitution for the Southern half of Dakota has completed its work, and the St. Paul Pioneer-Press say that "it has done far more and far better than any one would have believed possible a month ago; and the Constitution which it has framed will bear comparison, in most of its essential features, with the best and latest work of the existing States. It has lost in picturesqueness, but gained immensely in those solid qualities which commend it to the judgment of the people of the country, and give dignity to those who shall come with this scheme of government in their hands, asking for the right to live under it as their fundamental law."

THE Democrats of Massachusetts are having some difficulty with their candidates for State offices. Since the Convention ex-Mayor Frederick O. Prince, of Boston, who was nominated for Lieutenant Governor, has cabled from Europe a positive declination of the honor. As a result the campaign managers are in much trouble, for they had builded high on Mr. Prince's popularity, and rather expected him to defeat Ames, the Republican nominee. Up to the present time the managers see no way out of the trouble. Hon. Theodore Russell, of Cambridge, is a desirable man for the nomination, but he, like Prince, won't have it. It may be remarked, however, that Butler never causes any trouble of this kind. He neither declines to accept anything, nor resigns that which he has accepted and secured.

THE Democrat of Carrollton, Mo, says: "On Thursday, Jim Lawson invited fifty neighbors to see him beat his own time of two years ago, when his wife baked bread in eight and a quarter minutes after the wheat was standing in the field. At 6 minutes and 10 seconds after 4, the Buckeye reaper stood at the corner of the growing wheat. Men were stationed every few feet along the line of grain ready to seize an armful as it fell from the reaper, and to rush with it to the thresher close by. The mill was just sixteen rods distant. At the drop of the hat the mules sprang to work, and in a minute and a half about a peck of threshed wheat was in the sack and on a horse that began a race for the mill. A minute and seventeen seconds later the flour was delivered to Mrs Lawton, and in 3 minutes 55 seconds from the starting of the reaper the first [illegible] cake was eaten. In 4 minutes 3[illegible] from the starting of the reaper, a pan of biscuits were passed out to the spectators."

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

How the Great Audience Will be Welcomed and Dismissed.

Dr. Talmage Paints a Vivid word Picture of the Scenes During the Last Settlement.

TEXT—Matthew xxv., 31 and 32: "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon His throne of glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats."

Preaching last Sunday from the above text, in Brooklyn Tabernacle, Dr Talmage said:

Halfway between Chamoune, Switzerland, and Martigny I reigned in the horse on which I was riding, and looking off upon the most wonderful amphitheatre of valley and mountain and rock, I said to my companion: "What a place this would be for the last judgment! Yonder overtowering rock for throne on which the Great Judge could sit. These surrounding galleries of hills to be occupied by attendant angels. That vast valley, sweeping many miles this way and that, the audience room of assembled nations." But no sacred geography has pointed out the place. Yet somewhere and sometime and somehow there shall be a congregation, stupendous beyond all statistics, and you and I not more certainly make up a part of this congregation than we will make up a part of that.

The common sense of justice in every man demands that there be a winding up day, when things unexplainable now shall be fully explained. Why does that good man suffer and that bad man prosper? You say, "I do not know." But I must know Why that good woman dying with cancer and that daughter of folly wrapped in luxuriant ease? Why that innocent man oppressed all his days? You say, "I do not know." But I must know. There are so many wrongs to be righted that if there were no final righting up of things in the presence of all ages there would be a resounding outcry against God from which His glory would never recover. If God did not try the world at the last, the centuries would rise up to try Him Hence you and I are ready to believe the announcement of the text. The world has never seen Christ except in disguise If once He had let His glory out during His earthly residence, instead of blind men healed, all eyesights in His presence would have been extinguished, and instead of the dead raised to life all around Him would have been slain under the effulgence. Christ in disguise of flesh, disguise of seamless coat, disguise of sandals, disguise of voice, from caravansery in Bethleham to mausoleum in the rock a complete disguise.

THE CROWNING SPECTACLE.

But on the day of which we speak "the Son of Man shall come in His glory." No hiding of lustre, no sheathing of strength, no suppression of grandeur, no wrapping out of sight of Godhead. The fifty most radiant sunsets that ever beamed on land or sea would be dull as compared with the cerulean appearance when Christ comes rolling through and rolling on and rolling down in His glory. The air will be a-bloom with His beauty, from horizon to horizon everything aflame with His splendor. Elijah went up to the sky in a chariot, the wheels of whirling fire and the horses of galloping fire and the charioteer with reins of fire pulled on bits of fire. But Christ shall need no such equippage for gravitation, and the elements are flung aside to let Him pass, descending rapidly enough to make speedy arrival, but slowly enough to allow the gaze of spectators. "In His glory." Glory of dominion. Glory of Omnipotence. Glory of holiness. Glory of independence. Glory of love! An unrivalled and uncovered God descending to meet the human race in an interview to be prolonged only a few hours and yet to settle all the past and all the future before the end of that day which shall not close with setting sun but the destruction of the planet as a snuffer takes off the top of a burned wick.

It is a solemn time in an earthly court room when some important case is on hand and the Judge of the Supreme Court enters and takes his place and smites the gavel on the desk, calling jury and witnesses and bar and audience to silence. All voices cease and all heads uncover. And what a moment when the last day of the last month of the last year of the world's existence Christ, the Judge, shall take the judgment seat, and with gavel of thunderbolt shall smite the mountains and silence land and sea. Can you have any doubt about who sits there on that judgment seat? Better investigate. Perhaps there are some scars about Him that may reveal who He is You cannot always tell by apparel, for apparel may change. But scars tell the story when all else fails. There is a scar under His left arm. There is a scar on His head, a scar on His right hand, a scar on His left hand, a scar on His right foot, a scar on His left foot. Oh, we have identified him! It is the "Son of Man" in His glory, for what was a wound once has become a badge of victory now, and each ridge of an old gash fills all who look with the story of pain and sacrifice for the race which He has come to judge.

But what is all this commotion and flutter and radiance and surging about Him? It is a detailed regiment from heaven, a constabulary angelic to give pomp to the scene and execute the mandates that may be issued. Yes, there are ten regiments, a hundred regiments, a thousand regiments, angelic. Yea, heaven is emptied to allow its inhabitants to attend this scene. "The Son of man in His glory and all the holy angels with Him." From what a centre to what a circumference! Wider out and wider out, and higher up and higher up, wings interlocking wings, cloud galleries above, cloud galleries filled with the voices of angels come to watch, come to listen, come to help on this day for which all other days were made. How swift they are! A million leagues of air in one stroke of those wings! What countenances! In them the health of an everlasting day of celestial summer. What eyesight! In one glance taking in everything from north side to south side of immensity.

PEN PICTURES OF THE LEADERS.

Who are those two tall spirits with mightier eye and swathier stature? The one is Michael, the archangel, commander-in-chief of the hosts that go forth to destroy sin, and the other is Gabriel, a great leader of those who come to bless the race. Who is that yonder? That is the resurrection angel, his lips still aquiver and his cheek flushing with the blast with which he shattered the cemeteries and woke the dead. Who is that yonder with dark and overhanging brow? That is the angel that one night with one clap of his wing turned 185,000 Sennacherib's troops into corpses Who is that cluster of immortals, their faces a little turned toward each other as though they were a choir about to sing? They are the Bethlehem chanters of the world's first Christmas. Who is that bright cohort to the right of the throne? Those are the Savior's special body-guard, who hovered over Him in the wilderness and strengthened Him in His last hours of martyrdom and heaved back the rocks from His sarcophagus and escorted Him up on His ascension day, now most appropriately escorting Him down. Divine glory flashed on both sides by angelic radience

But lower your eye now from the divine and the angelic to the human The audience is the entire human race. "All nations." By that time the American Republic, the Government of Great Britian, the French Republic, and all the present forms of rule may have been obliterated for something better. But all nations, whether dead or alive, will be in that congregation. Thebes, Tyre, Babylon, Greece, Rome, as wide awake in that assembly as though they had never slumbered as dead nations: Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America of the 19th century, the 18th century, the 17th century, the 10th century, the 5th century, of all the centuries present Not one name of all the centuries omitted from the muster roll. There has never been such an audience gathered, nor one half so large, or a thousandth part as large, or a millionth part as large. All nations! The human eye cannot reach across it, neither albatross nor eagle nor falcon would have strength of wing to fly over it. The congregation will not assemble on any continent, for the continents are too small to hold them, but in the air, for the Bible declares it. Laws of gravitation unanchored and the earth moved out of its place. As sometimes in our world a special tent is spread for some great and special convention, that judgment audience shall have over it the blue tent of this sky, and underneath it for a floor the air made buoyant by the hand of God, a splendid auditorium, an architecture of atmospheric galleries, sufficient to bear the weight of worlds. The two arms of God's almightiness are strong enough pillar to bear up any auditorium.

NO TIME FOR LONG SPEECHES.

But that audience cannot sit in session many hours. An hour and a half is generaly long enough for an earthly assembly Sometimes in court rooms audiences may tarry five or six hours without adjournment, but after awhile they are dismissed. So this resurreotional and judgmental audience is to break up. My text says, "He shall separate them one from another." Division according to character. "As the shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats" The sheep, one of the cleanliest of creatures, the type of those who have been washed from all sin in the fountains of atoning mercy; the goat, one of the filthiest of creatures, a type of those who have never gone through this divine ablution. Character not only of life but of heart, of affection, of allegiance, of choice, of principle; character inside and character out side.

THE END OF ALL.

The trial ended, the Supreme Court of high heaven adjourns. The blue tent of the sky is lifted and folded up and put away. The auditorium of atmospheric galleries is dissolved. The folded wings of attending angels are spread for upward flight. The fiery judgment seat becomes a dim cloud. The divine and angelic magnificence has rolled back and off. The day for which all other days were made has closed and the world burned down and even the last cinder gone out, some angel flying through space on errand from world to world shall poise long enough to chant the appropriate funeral litany as he cries: "Ashes to ashes" As you each have in your own soul one leaf of that great judgment volume, I seize hold of it for cancellation. In the great books of mortgage in your city halls a margin is left so that when the mortgagor is paid the full amount of mortgage, the officer of the law records the payment and the cancellation, and though it were a mortgage for vast thousands, on it a farthing could not now be colleted. So along the page of the judgment book on which our deficits are recorded, is a wide margin left for cancellation. But one Hand in the universe can touch that margin—that Hand is this moment lifted ready to make that record forever and forever.

That Hand may tremble while it writes, for it is a wounded hand, and the nerves were cut and the muscles lacerated. The record was made with the black ink of condemnation. But the cancellation, if made at all, must be in the red ink of sacrifice. Come now, men and women, judgment bound, carrying that leaf—that one all-comprehensive leaf to be bound up in the records of eternity, let Christ with his own tears and blood effect complete that glorious cancelation. Hand up that leaf to Him in burning outburst of impassioned prayer; out with it, up with it, that leaf of judgment record. I ask you not to take from your iron safe your last will and testament, but I ask something of more importance than that. I do not ask you to remove from your valuables a letter of great sacrifice you may have hidden away from all human sight, but something of more importance than that—that judgment leaf within you written from top to bottom and on both sides.

That will decide what your destiny shall be, 500,000,000 of years after the earth has been swept out of the heavens an extinguished planet, and time has so long passed that it will seem on the great ocean of eternity now a moment's ripple on the Atlantic. When the goats in vile herd start out on the barren mountain of death, and sheep with fleece like the snow and bleating with joy shall in droves without number move up the terraced hills to join the lambs already playing in high pastures of celestial altitudes, may you and I be close behind the shepherd's crook. "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory and before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats" Oh, that leaf, that judgment leaf, folded up within you! Oh, those tremendous words at the last, 'Come!" "Go!" as though all the hanging heavens were the cup of a great bell and all the stars were welded into a silver tongue and swung from side to side and struck "Come!" As though all the great guns of eternal disaster were discharged at once and they boomed forth in one resounding canonade "Go!" Arithmetical sum in division: Eternity the dividend, the figure 2 the divisor, your unalterable destiny the quotient.

A Modern Democratic Speech.

At a Democratic meeting in Columbus last week, Mr Allen O. Myers was one of the speakers. Mr Myers is a candidate for the Legislature in Franklin county, a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and the "talented young friend and superior" of Judge Hoadly.

In his address he made use of the following remarks, as reported by the State Journal:

This campaign is not a struggle between the two great parties, but one between the laboring men and the money bags. I am one of your legislative candidates, and was nominated squarely and honestly, receiving a majority of all the votes cast I was nominated in spite of Republican money and Democratic hate. If elected I will introduce a bill into the Legislature to change the name of this State from Ohio to Fostoria, and about that time I will have Foster's nose pointed toward the penitentiary where he belongs. A week ago I challenged Foster to a debate but he refused to discuss with me, and it was heraldad to the world that I had "insulted the king." Jefferson Davis is the person that freed the colored race and not Abraham Lincoln or the Republican party. *All glory and praise to Jeff. Davis.* We don't want the nigger votes this year, we don't want the Republican vote, all we ask is the votes of good, true Democrats and not soreheads. Foster and the Republicans have stolen everything from the State House except the artesian well. I have had to go home late at night many a time during the last eleven years years in this city with my weapon in my hands, for fear of the Pannings and Newburgs, whose rascality I had exposed I pledge my word that, if elected, I will make the State House a lime-kiln in less than two weeks after election day Fred Mussey is stealing large sums from the State daily in illegal fees. If elected, I will expose him and his corrupt father-in-law, and send them to the penitentiary. The legs and arms lost in the late war are being paid for with stinking old rag babies. E. L. Hinman is putting up his money and making daily pilgrimages to the Republican headquarters for the purpose of beating me. If elected this time I shall never run for the office again. I owe the State a big debt for educating me, and I want to pay it back by going to the Legislature. I had no business to abandon my business as a journalist and run for office. I was against an appropriation for the sewers. I never dodge or flinch. I don't owe the Typographical Union anything, nor the Granders neither, and so on ad infinitum.

Western Outlaws

The recent acquittal and subsequent glorification of Frank James, the train-robbing hero, are already bearing their legitimate fruits in the West. Encouraged by Jame's good luck in escaping punishment, and inspired apparently by a determination if not to surpass, at least to equal that scoundrels misdeeds, three ruffians early Saturday morning tried to rob a passenger train on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, at Coolidge, Kansas. The engineer was shot dead at his post because he refused to stop his train; the fireman next was badly wounded. But the robbers secured no booty, owing to the defence of the express messenger in his car. The engineer, the fireman and the messenger showed real bravery, and, what is more, showed it not for profit or gain, but simply for the sake of duty. If noble conduct such as theirs were only properly appreciated in all parts of the great West, criminals like Frank James would not go unhanged, and incidents like this at Coolidge would not occur.

THEY are boring hundreds of Artesian wells in Montana.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Philosophises on the Necessity of Votes, and Gives His Ideas as to How to Get Them

From the Toledo Blade.

CONFEDERIT X ROADS, (Wich is in the State uv Kentucky) Sept. 22, 1883. I hev bin resceving letters from Ohio insistin that I yoose my influoense to compel the Demokratic managers uv the Ohio campane to go slow on the likker question, and to do with that ez we do with everything else, straddle ez it were. Wat these tender-feet seem to be afrade uv is that ez the Dimocrisy of Ohio are committin theirselves squarely to the grate principle of free whisky, it will hev a tendency to drive off the decent members uv the party, and thus enshoor our defeet.

I am out of pashence with these thin skinned fellers, wich belong to our party without comprehendin its nacher, caracter, disposishen, purposes or ends.

The man who writes this nonsense don't know nothin about Dimocrisy or hooman nacher. He hez never taken a comprehensive look at things ank don't know nothin ez to the make up uv mankind. I shel perseed to instruct him

To begin with he shood know that seven-tenths of mankind is bad in a greater or less degree, that the devil hez a warranty deed on four-tenths, a quit claim to two-tenths, and a mortgage on another tenth.

Them in wich he hez a present or prospective interest are very largely in majority.

Now ez the Dimocrisy wants votes for the sake uv the postoffises that follows victory, wat is its dooty? Is it to cater to the wishes uv the seven-tenths or to the desires uv the three tenths?

The Republikan party is devoted to wat it calls prinsiples. It hez some distinctive ijees, and its leaders hev alluz bin afflicted with the loonacy uv trying to make wat they call hoomanity better. Consekently it embraces in its organizashen the three-tenths that they arrogantly call good citizens, them wich is willin to stand a defeet for an ijee They hev the old Ablishnists, them loonatix wich yeers ago turned their bax upon postoffisis and willinly endoored rotten eggs and lynchin for the sake uv freein the nigger, and afterward insisted on given him the ballot the same ez the white man. In the intrest uv Amerkin labor they went to the wall for yeers opposin free trade, never thinkin that they mite heve luxuriatid upon English money, jez we wuz doin, by takin the other tack, and now they hev put theirselves in opposishen to the freedom uv likker on the skore that whisky is a destroyer and beer a liver congestor and kidney enlarger, and that free trade in it fills the jales and the poorhouses.

Dimocrisy hez no views. A Dimokratic leader gits his steer from the census reports and the soshel statistics.

In all matters in wich ther is profit men dig down and never dig up. When you want oil you bore for it, and you likewise dig for gold. The grate mine of votes is downward, not upward, becoz common skools, even in Ameriky, hev never done their perfeck work, and while gin-mills and beer-shops are open seven days uv the week, and sixteen hours uv the day, churches are only open on Sundays, and then only fur a few hours. The servants of the devil are industrious, much more than them which serve the Lord.

This bein the case, wat is the dooty uv the leaders of the Dimocrisy, or ruther, wat is ther intrest? Intrest is, with us, dooty. Cleerly to go wher ther is the most votes. Ef relijin and sich hed the most votes in controle, it would be our dooty and intrest to cultivate that eend of the popelashen, tho we shood hev to be reconstructed to work in that direcshen with any success.

I hev notist that Dimocrisy and religion don't work very well together. When a Dimokrat gits to wearin cleen shirts reglerly, I alluz consider he is on the high road to Republicinism, and the site of a Dimokrat in a prayer-meeting wood fill me with alarm.

Our best holt is the gin-mills and beer-shops. We hev alluz hed em and alluz will. Indeed I don't know ez we cood tear ourselves loose from em ef we tried. It's a toss up whether we hev em or they hev us. Wat wood the Dimocrisy of the grate City uv Noo York be without the gin mills? Wat wood we do in Illinois ef the gin-mills shood be shut up in Shecago? Wat wood we do anywhere without this ally?

With the gin-mills with us we hev a percentage on the Republikins that is traffic. A wholesale merchant or manufacturer in Noo York won't vote but wunst, even if we let him vote at all—our gin-mill gradooates vote ez many times ez may be necessary to roll up the majorities we want. It wuz the gin-mills that wuz Boss Tweed's best holt in the good old days when he hed Noo York, and it is our cheef dependance everywhere. The strength uv the Dimocrisy may be estimated by the aker. It takes so many akers uv sod corn to make a Dimokrat, and our majorities may be estimated from the smoke that goes up from the distilleries, and the number of bars over wich the produck is dispensed.

My Ohio friend is all wrong. Everything seeks its level. A man can't lift hisself by the straps uv his boots, nor kin yoo put noo wine into old bottles. Wat we want is majorities, and ther aint no yoost of wastin time in reasonin men and sich, for them is not in the majority. Everybody hez a stumick, but a very small porshen uv mankind hev intelleck. The Republikin party appeles to the intelleck uv one class. Ef that class hev influoence enuff to corall the votes, they win, and we cant help it. But stumick is our dependence, and we can't very well go out uv the stumick biznis. We hev the gin-mills sekoor, or ruther they hev us; we have sich uv tho pooly landed emigrants ez aint pertikler whether they are natcheralized or not, jist afore they vote; we hev the money of the British manufakters to yoose agin our labor, and we hey sich niggers in the South ez are nervous about standin before the muzzle uv a shot-gun, and we shel hev all uv that class uv niggers in the North ez want offises wich they hev not got, beside other simler elements uv strength.

I hev alluz insistin that we made a grate mistake in opposin the Chinese, and I perdict that the time will come when we shel insist on givin him the ballot. He don't drink likker, it is troo, but he does smoke opium, and opium smokin will fetch a man down to the level of votin with us ez shoorly ez whisky. I hope to see the day when, with reference to the Chinese vote, we shel inscribe our banners, "Persnel Liberty and Free Opium!" jist as now we hist the cheerin legend, "Persnel Liberty and Free Whisky."

Ef it wuz worth our while to consiliate the likker intrest for their votes, why not the opium elements for ther votes?

We hev got to depend upon these classes, and there ain't no yoose uv monkeyin about other people. Ther is no more power so fur ez votes is conserned, among our pekooloyer people, in a bottle of noo likker than ther is in an open Bible. A sanded floor with pine tables and beer onto em, is more potent agency with us, than a Sundy Skool; and a talented beer-jerker kin corral more votes than any preecher that ever howled. Our method aint quite ez respectable, may be, but in-ez-much ez the vote uv the citizen with an illumnated nose counts jist as much ez that of the Cheef Justis, and ez ther is a millyun uv illuminated noses to one Cheef Justis, why our dooty is cleer. We must go for the beekon-lites.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Statesman and Manager.)

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

IN 1871 Winnipeg's population was 350; in 1882, 25,000.

CALIFORNIA'S vineyards are rivaling her mines as a source of profit.

THE American Bible Society will issue 2,000,000 Bibles and Testaments this year.

JAMES A. HARRIS, of Florida, gets $63,000 net out of his orange crop this season.

DIVORCE decrees were granted by Judge Gardner, of Chicago, at the rate of one every nine minutes on Saturday last.

ONE HUNDRED and twenty-nine life convicts have entered the prison in Joliet, Ill., since 1858, and fifty three are still there.

THE North Nebraska Methodist Conference has resolved that any member who has fallen into the use of tobacco ought to desist.

MURRAY county, Minnesota, had a population of 210 in 1870, and now it has 5,000. This is a fair representation of Minnesota's growth.

A CONNECTICUT man will start from the headwaters of the Yellowstone, in Montana, for New Orleans, in a skiff. Distance to be traveled, 3,000 miles.

ASTORIA, Oregon, has 7,000 population in the fishing season, and 4,000 the rest of the year. She has a dozen canning establishments, which yield $3,000,000 a year.

THE Boston Post says that a Vermonter who stole a cow from his neighbor's barn found on getting her home that it was his own cow, which his neighbor had stolen earlier in the night.

THE three largest funerals that ever took place in St. Louis were those of Senator Thomas H. Benton, Mayor Arthur B. Barrett and Rev. Richard Anderson, pastor of a colored church; and of these three the colored preacher's was the largest.

THE three fugitive slaves who arrived in Boston last week from Cuba, say that they were held on a plantation ten miles east of Santiago, called Atko, and owned by Mariano Valanti, who has about 155 slaves, 35 of whom are women. They till the soil, pick fruit, and make sugar, and are obliged to labor from four o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening, their meals meantime being nine bananas each.

A MAN in Newark, Mich., sunk two salt barrels in the ground, placing the top barrel about two feet below the surface of the ground, thus making the well eight feet in depth. Nothing unusual was discovered about the well until July, 1882, when fish in large quantities were found in it. Mr. Thum says that last year he fatted about $150 worth of pork by fish taken from this marvelous well. The water is muddy and the fish are lively and frisky. There are no streams or lakes within several miles of his farm.

THEY are touching up the Federal Capitol, and, in the Representatives' Hall, trying to make room for thirty-two additional members. A correspondent says: "They are constructing a freight elevator on the Senate side, to run from the cellar to the first story, near the refreshment rooms. Can it possibly be for—I mean, is the connection at all referential? The House and the House document room libraries are seeking extra shelf space over the north and south ends respectively of an alleged statuary hall, and the Congressional and law libraries have sought similiar rooms in the basement. Three of the rotunda pictures are being renewed—"The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," "The Baptism of Pocahontas," and "De. Soto's Discovery of the Mississippi."

THE San Antonio (Texas) Light says: "Jack, a young, wild hog, was found in the woods near Lytle Station and presented to Mr. E. S. Bellamy. He is supposed to have been about three weeks old when caught. Mr. Bellamy began patiently to train him. After a few lessons Jack had learned his name, and at length he began to follow his master, When Mr. Bellamy is seated at his desk Jack lies down at his feet and will allow no one to touch him, and at night he follows his master to his bedside, and if he can not stealthily get into the bed he will lie down by the side of it and sleep until morning. If an intruder steps into the room he will dart at him with all the ferocity of his wild nature. At the table he stands at his master's side and gets a part of anything he eats. Jack is a veritable tippler. After drinking whisky he smacks his lips and makes signs for more."

A VISITOR to Jameson & Co.'s whiskey distillery in Dublin, writes: "The chief impression which this establishment leaves is one of size. We were shown the two largest mash tubs in the world, capable of holding 100,000 gallons of grain and water, mixed and smashed by iron teeth revolving by machinery. Then our eyes were directed to the two largest fermenting vats in the world, each with a capacity of over 127,000 gallons, and as we peeped into them we could almost fancy that we were looking down in a respectable sized theatre." This firm's buildings cover fourteen acres, the cooperage occupying one. The water used is the same as that employed by Guinness in manufacturing the famous stout. Analytical chemists have clearly demonstrated that Dublin stout and whiskey are superior to other similar products because the Dublin water has greater power of dissolving vegetable matter and of retaining vegetable aromas than that of any other city in Great Britain.

Wool Growers in Council.

The wool growers and sheep breeders met in National Convention at Chicago last week for the purpose of organizing a new National Wool-growers' Association, on the ground that the old organization assented to the reduction of the tariff on wool. Columbus Delano, of Mt. Vernon, this State, ex-Secretary of the Interior, was elected President of the National Association. Congressman Converse, of Ohio, and Senator Plumb, of Kansas, advocated the restoration of the old tariff; and a resolution was finally passed: "That the officers of this Association are instructed to use their best efforts to bring before Congress in the most effective possible manner the demands of the wool growers of the United States, through this National Association, for the restoration of the tariff on wool." At a subsequent meeting of the Illinois Wool-growers' Association the action of the National Association was approved.

SELF-UNLOADING.

A Seafaring Man's Adventure With a Craft Which He Did Not Exactly Understand.

Hartford Courant.

In 1850 a whaling mate from Nantucket was fitting out for the mines near our back door in Sacramento, Cal. He was a tall, serious, large featured man, probably the head of a family at home. He was particular in his outfit, and was a long time getting ready. After about a fortnight he came down street with a big mule in tow that sold cheaper, he said, because there was no sufficient mate for him in the country. There was considerable sloping deck room on him and great capacity for pack saddles and the hanging on of camp and mining furniture. The Nantucket mate had a tent, a gold-washer, two picks, two shovels, a frying pan, a box of salt meat, do bread, do clothes, sort of a long fire arm, and a little demijohn of choice liquor that I remember, and I doubt if I recollect half he had, for he was a great provider. The mule was a good looking one. He stood grave and still as a church, among the chips near the wood pile at our back door while the mate, an expert rigger, with plenty of voluntary help, was packing. I was just then laying the soup-bone keel of a dinner and cleaning up the kitchen after breakfast.

There was one pack-saddle and one riding-saddle on the mule, slung along amidships, I remember.

Not much mule was to be seen between ears, tail and hoofs when the mate had knotted the last tie of his hampers, belayed the spar line, ship-shape, and swung his long leg like a derrick from our big shopping block over the animal all ready to make sail. He had on a pair of weighty Spanish spurs, and some declared afterward that the mate would have got safely under way if he had not grazed the mule's belly with the flukes of one of those anchors. But this will never, probably, be known. In one instant the mass of hard wooden ware, with the bags, was in fearful commotion, and shot up into the air. I thought the whole concern would tumble down through the canvas roof of our kitchen and spill the dinner of forty people. But I guess the mule had canvassed the whole business otherwise. As the dust settled and our wits gathered from amazement and affright, the mule, clean as he was born, was seen calmly cropping weeds that grew where we flung slops; the mate, with surprise and bruises struggling for mastery on his face, was gathering himself out of the woodpile. A spare boot, parted from its fellow, first fixed his wondering gaze, and a smell from the wrecked demijohn helped restore his senses to his quarter of an acre of scattered property. He said simply: "I guess I'll sell that mule," and we heard afterward that he chartered an ox team for his freight.

The reader must understand that a backing mule or horse can develop a perfect hinge in his back that is not reckoned in ordinary equine osteology. I have thought since that this mule's back hinge must have come between the saddles, for at the post-mortem examination of this particular mining expedition it was discovered that the girths of the saddle found upon the ground were neither broke, unbuckled, nor untied, but simply shed or shucked off. Of a score of observers no one saw exactly how this was done, the movement was so rapid and such a dust was flying. The mule was for a minute the invisible center of a choral cloud, from which radiated, as from an explosion, the forty or sixty articles [illegible] enumerated.

He Didn't Care.

Arkansaw Traveler.

The Arkansaw man has many ways of getting his name into print, and when all other means fail the mad-dog resort is taken up. The gentleman who wants his name to appear in the local paper calls on the editor and says: "Killed the biggest mad dog this morning you ever saw. Better make a local to that effect, as it might serve as a warning to the people of the neighborhood. Yes, spoke my dog that I killed him. Just say that a very large mad dog was killed the other by —well, you can put my name in. I don't care."

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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The Coshocton Age

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. F. MEEK.

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This paper will not be sent to subscribers outside of the county unless paid for in advance.

The Senate Vote on the Tariff on Wool.

For an increase of the tariff, 16 Republicans, 3 Democrats, and 1 Independent; against the increase of tariff, 14 Republicans and 26 Democrats. He who runs may read.

Democratic Testimony.

Let every wool grower in Coshocton county understand that in the final and decisive contest in the Senate on Mr. Sherman's motion to raise the duties on wool, 14 Republicans voted for it, while of the Democratic Senators 26 voted for the reduction of the duties on wool, and only 3 for increase. This is the Record. Let our Democratic friends who are complaining, study these figures The Republicans of Ohio in Convention assembled resolve in favor of a restoration of the tariff of 1867. The Democracy are silent upon that point.—*Editorial in Standard-Commonwealth (Dem.) July 28 1883*

WILL Mr. Walker vote an open ticket next Tuesday?

MR. BARGAR courts greatness, but he should know that it is not to be achieved by dealing in falsehoods.

WE venture the assertion that the ticket cast by Mr. Wm. Walker next Tuesday will be the worst scratched one in the box. Trading, you know.

FIVE HUNDRED and forty two Republicans did not vote in the County last year. Get out the vote this year and the Democratic majority will be lower than it ever was.

OLD ANANIAS was struck dead for a slight prevarication. If such treatment was administered in these days where, oh where, would Mr. Bargar and his Committee be at the present time?

EACH township in the County had a number of voters remain away from the polls last year and in the entirety there were 542 of them. Get out the vote this year and we will surprise our Democratic friends.

REPUBLICANS, be on your guard. Do not allow Mr. Walker, who is being repudiated by his own party, to soft-soap you into voting for him. He is becoming desperate, and frantically appeals to Republicans to help him out.

IF Mr. Bargar was opposed to the repair of the Walhonding Canal, the proper thing for him to have done was to frankly say so, and not have caused to be published a statement which he certainly knew would soon be proved to be false.

IF THE full Republican vote had been out last year in this county the Democratic majority would have been only 201, and Mr. George A. Hay would have been elected. 542 Republicans did not go to the polls. Learn wisdom by experience and get out the vote.

NEXT week we shall lay before our readers a detailed statement of the vote cast by each township for the various candidates together with the townships that poll the most Republican votes. What township will receive the credit. Remember 542 remained away from the polls last year. Get out the vote.

MR. WM. WALKER is becoming desperate at his public repudiation by the honest Democrats of the county, and is so frantically appealing to Republicans to help him out that we would not be surprised to see him vote a straight Republican ticket next Tuesday. At least it will be badly scratched if all promises alleged to have been made are observed.

MR. BAGRAR'S course on the Walhonding canal improvement is in keeping with the fraudulency of the wool scorcher. The latter is a tissue of misrepresentations, and the State Board of Public Works, including the Democratic member, Mr. Weible, insists that Mr. Bargar's statement to the effect that he had had an understanding with the Board about the canal, is false. Here, then, are two apparent falsehoods Mr. Bargar has seen fit to put afloat, and the people of the county should give to him that support which his course merits, and no more.

THREE weeks have passed by since the State Board of Public Works stated emphatically that they had no understanding with Mr. Bargar concerning the Walhonding Canal, yet, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Bargar had caused to be published to the contrary, he has not deigned to make any explanation. It is three against one, and such evidence would convict in any court. What will the great court over which the people preside say to this

ELSEWHERE we publish a complete list of Coshocton county pensioners. The publication will no doubt cause many surprises; but those who are justly entitled to what they monthly receive from Uncle Sam will have no shame in having the fact published to the world, and if there are any upon the list who are fraudulently preying upon the generosity of the Government, the sooner they are exposed the better. We are indebted to Mr. H. C. Megrew, of Zanesville, now holding a position in the Treasury Department for the list.

Get Out the Vote.

Before another issue of THE AGE reaches our readers the battle of the ballots will have been fought. We have an abiding faith that the Republicans of the State will be victorious, but we recognize the fact that in order to accomplish this the vote must be out.

Whatever occurs, let Coshocton Republicans buckle on the armor, boldly face the enemy, and roll up the full vote of the party.

In counties like Coshocton, where the Democrats have a majority, Republicans are prone to apathy, and regarding the result in the county as a foregone conclusion, indolently and carelessly remain away from the polls. At different times within the past few years if the Republican vote had been out candidates upon the Democratic ticket would have been defeated and their majority on the State ticket cut down to a very low figure. The same thing will occur this year if the vote is out, and we call upon and earnestly urge the Committeemen and all active Republicans in the various townships to spare no pains to see that every Republican is brought to the polls. For the aid of these Committeemen we have prepared the following statement by townships of the Republican vote that was not out last year:

Adams	29
Bedford	3
Bethlehem	23
Clark	39
Crawford	28
Franklin	28
Jackson	48
Jefferson	4
Keene	24
Lafayette	40
Linton	43
Mill Creek	6
Monroe	25
New Castle	18
Oxford	40
Perry	20
Pike	13
Tiverton	13
Tuscarawas	37
Virginia	17
Washington	19
White Eyes	25
Total	542

If this vote had been out the Democratic majority would only have been 201, and Geo. A. Hay would have been elected Prosecuting Attorney. Such apathy on the part of Republicans is almost criminal, and should not be allowed to occur in the future. Learn wisdom by experience, and get out the vote.

Why You Should Vote for the Second Amendment.

In the minds of many well-meaning people there is much doubt as to the practicability of prohibition. Many believe there is a better way to deal with it than by the adoption of prohibitory laws; but, notwithstanding this, the proposition is now squarely before the people of Ohio, whether we shall vote prohibition into our Constitution or not; and THE AGE, speaking for itself alone, says Yes! A few reasons why we say so may be appropriate.

When the Legislature in 1882 passed what was known as the Pond law, it received the solid opposition of the saloons of the State and the Democrat party as an organization. The law was declared unconstitutional, but the whisky element were not not content, and vented their spite upon the Republican party as an organization, and boldly declared they were opposed to all measures except those which guaranteed free trade in whisky.

The Republicans were defeated and the whisky element grew jubilant, bold and defiant.

Last winter the Scott law—a wise and just measure—was passed, and again the whisky element and the Democrat party were in arms because the law was opposed to their personal liberty—liberty to deal intoxicants free of cost; and the question was again brought before the Supreme Court, and this time sustained. Then the saloons of the State swore vengeance against the Republicans, and in Convention at Toledo boldly declared they had allied themselves with the Democrats of the State to work defeat to the Republicans.

They denounce the Scott law, they denounce the first amendment, they denounce the second amendment, they denounce the Republican party, in fact, they denounce everything but free whisky and no Sunday; and when things have reached this point, it is time for all citizens who have the good of the country at heart to boldly assert themselves and assist in wiping the saloons from the land to as great an extent as possible; and this we believe Coshocton county people will assist in doing.

If the amendment is adopted we do not expect to see it enforced everywhere; but in Coshocton county and similiar districts it will be enforced and the free open saloon will be a thing of the past. That the county would be better off without these saloons we have no doubt, and if we can assist in removing them we propose to do it. In hitting the saloons we hit the Democrat party, and it never receives a lick to which it is not entitled.

A Practical Joke on the Klinker.

The Klinker of the Mushroom organ had the wind let out of him last week most effectually, although it is doubtful if he has yet discovered it, and very likely this will be the first intimation he will receive of the fact that he has written himself down an ass, although the same has been patent to his readers for several months past.

In the last number of the Mushroom rag appears a letter from New Mexico, written by Mr. A. H. Thompson, of this town, but who is now engaged in the cattle business near Raton, in which is set forth that while some workmen were engaged in making an excavation for a cellar for Col. J. W. Dwyer, a large and peculiarly shaped urn was unearthed, which was supposed to be a "prehistoric relic, which contained a dozen or so of ancient coins and an iron spear-head. The contents were not in such good shape but the urn was, even to an inscription on it which reads: *Iti sa * * * * potandis ab igone.*"

The inscription as it appeared in the Mushroom we do not give in full, but a literal translation, so far as we fell at liberty to make, is as follows: "It is a * * * pot and is a big one."

The "letter from New Mexico" closes with the remark that "this is no advertisement, as he (the Col.) does not anticipate accomplishing a sale to an editor."

But while Col. Dwyer no doubt values his "find" very highly, we insist that a sale be made, and it be placed in the editorial chair of the Mushroom rag, as an improvement upon the present occupant. We feel satisfied that the readers would appreciate the change.

If Col. Dwyer, however, insists on retaining the urn, we would suggest that the inscription thereon be adopted by the Mushroom for a motto, as it will be most appropriate and more indicative of the field occupied by it than the one now flying at its masthead.

As to Wool.

Have you observed that THE COSHOCTON AGE has failed to publish the amount of the losses the wool-growers have suffered in Coshocton county by the reduction of the wool tariff? Democrats, ask your Republican neighbors this question.—Coshocton Democrat.

The readers of THE AGE have no doubt noticed that we have not been telling them as the Democrat has the amount of money they lost by the reduction of the tariff upon wool, but the reason therefore is a most good one, and is simply this: that upon every occasion the Democrat has been as far away from the truth as it was possible for it to get. For downright, systematic misrepresentation the Democrat has been at the top of the heap. The readers of THE AGE, however, are not in the dark as to the reduction of the tariff upon wool, and they know where to put the blame.

The Democrats of the United States Senate are responsible for the reduction; and the Democrats as an organization are in favor of a still greater reduction; in fact, of such a reduction as would result in absolute free trade.

These facts our readers are familiar with, and no intelligent wool grower will hesitate about how to vote when the time comes.

The Republican party is emphatically and always for protection, and the wool growers of the county know it.

In connection with this it may be well to reproduce some Democratic evidence on this subject.

The Standard-Commonwealth (Dem.), in its issue of July 28, 1883 editorially said:

Let every wool grower in Coshocton county understand that in the final and decisive contest in the Senate on Mr. Sherman's motion to raise the duties on wool, 14 Republicans voted for it, while of the Democratic Senators, 26 voted for the reduction of the duties on wool, and only three for increase. This is the record. Let our Democratic friends who are complaining, study these figures. The Republicans of Ohio in Convention assembled resolve in favor of a restoration of the tariff of 1867. The Democracy are silent upon that point.

This is clear and convincing, and should leave no doubt in the minds of wool growers, because the editor who penned it is a Democrat and was actuated by no sinister motive.

This surely demonstrates who is responsible for the reduction; but the following from Durbin Ward is more convincing from the fact that it defines the position of the Democracy upon the question of protection to all classes, the wool growers included:

"The Republican party is in favor of a protective tariff; the Democrat party says no; we want a tariff for revenue."

The reduction in the price of wool because of the reduction of the tariff was not more than three cents on the pound; and if this is a hardship, the Democrats having been responsible for it, can not be trusted to right it. For more than twenty years the party has been a party of mistakes, and there has been no evidence adduced that they can be expected to pursue the straight and narrow path at this late day.

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS.

An Anamalous Campaign as Viewed by Farrand.

Hoadly and the Working Men—A Walk Over Predicted for Foraker—Allen O. Myers, Nominated by Fraud Proves a Heavy Load for the Democracy—Public Meetings, Political and Otherwise—Some Difficulties in the Way of Prohibition—Hoadly and the Sporting Fraternity—A Frightful Crime.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, October 2.

The present campaign is an anomalous one in some respects and is continually developing novel conditions and results. The Democrats recently attempted to get up a division of the colored vote, and succeeded to some extent in several counties; but they awoke to find the laboring element in arms against Hoadly. If the one movement extends over the state so does the other. A working man heretofore a Democrat, was heard to remark the other day that Hoadly would be beaten by a hundred thousand majority, but he came down to seventy-five thousand afterwards which does not sound altogether unreasonable. He says that thousands of Democrats will stay at home on account of disaffection, while the working men generally will vote against Hoadly.

In this city a number of workingmen circulated a call for a meeting, Saturday, to listen to addresses on the issues affecting the workingmen of Ohio, and especially as to the records of the respective candidates for Governor on such issues. The meeting was not directly in the hand's of the Trade's Assembly, although partly under the auspices of that organization and was designed to be strictly non-partisan in character.

There is alleged to be a squabble in the ranks of the Trade's Assembly which should be speedily settled if the organization desires to avoid disruption. The Assembly appointed a committee to investigate the charge that Judge Hoadly gave expression to sentiments inimical to the interests of the workingmen when a member of the Constitutional Convention. The committee found the charge to be true and reported accordingly at the meeting last Saturday night. The report was accepted and the motion to oppose Hoadly was laid on the table in order to prevent a result disastrous to the Assembly; the debate having become of a very exciting character. This looks bad for Hoadly.

It is also a curious coincidence in our local politics that a man who was a Democratic constable a year ago and declined a re-election last spring, is now working for the Republican ticket. And a Republican who was nominated for a justice of the peace last spring and defeated is now a supporter of the Democratic State ticket. They balance.

HOADLEY'S AND MYERS' CHANCES HERE.

Hoadley will be snowed under by a heavy Republican majority without doubt. He will be so deep in the snow of ballots that he will never be recovered; it will use him up worse than the malaria, and Foraker will have a complete walk-over. Hoadly expects to make two or three farwell speeches just previous to the election. But he is already sick of the business. It is not best for him to start the swing going again, but he had better "let the cat die" as the children call it, at once.

As for Allen O. Myers, or "O'Myers" as he should be called even if the name is distasteful to him—the Democrats have nothing to gain by securing his election; but by securing his defeat they will thereby condemn his reckless disregard of leading Democrats in the past and will put him where his fangs will have no serious effect. The Democrats of this county who have been abused by him as if they were pickpockets, cannot consistently vote for him; nor can those Democrats of Franklin county who care to see its great interests in the legislature properly represented. But they will drop him like a live coal after the election, when they find he cannot pull their chestnuts out of the fire for them. They are now frankly admitting that his nomination was procured by fraud and that he is no acquisition to the ticket.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

In the line of meetings our city is still very fruitful. This being the eve of election second amendment meetings are as plenty as overcoats on the streets. The Greenbackers held a convention, Thursday evening, to nominate a county ticket. The Greenback candidate for Governor addressed the meeting and they gave up the ghost. The "pressure" as the "Immortal J. N." calls it, was too great for him.

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the National Association of State Insurance Commissioners met in this city, Wednesday, thirteen States being represented. It was addressed by Gov. Foster, who in the course of his remarks alluded to the "wild-cat" insurance companies that have existed in this State in late years; he had elected Commissioner Moore to look after the insurance interests of the State, and he was glad to know that through the efforts of Col. Moore we were pretty well rid of such humbugs. The National Convention of State Commissioners of Labor Statistics also met in this city Tuesday and Wednesday, and much important business was under consideration. They have been greatly aided in procuring information by the various trades assemblies, and are largely indebted to this important source. The next meeting is to be held in St. Louis, in June, 1884. Mr. McCammant, the Commissioner from Pennsylvania, expressed himself as having fallen in love with Gov. Foster saying that he was more sociable, and more a man of the people than the Governor of Pennsylvania. He also paid a high compliment to the reporters of Columbus—of course, including "yours truly."

TEMPERANCE TATTLE.

It is conceded that the second amendments will get a very heavy vote, and there are people who believe it will be adopted. We are, however, quite certain of one thing, and that is, that thousands of people who are going to vote for it will do so without a full understanding of what will follow. Many of them labor under the delusion that everything will be lovely—the liquor traffic will be abolished and the sources damned up—or at least "damned." They believe this because the constitution says, or will say: "The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors shall be forever prohibited." Of course it says it will; but suppose the distillers, the brewers, and the sellers refuse to obey this mandatory provision of the amended constitution? They have an aggregate of $200,000,000 invested in the several lines of the business, and they are going to die hard. Well, then, you say: "Pass laws compelling them to shut up shop and sacrifice their vast property interests." Yes, but suppose the Legislature declines to do that, then what? Elect a Legislature that will, is the response. Yes, but have you the faintest belief that you can do that? We haven't. Judge West says there is no power "to compel a member of a legislature to vote for a law against his own inclination on the wish of his immediate constituents, no matter what the constitution commands. Unless a majority of both branches of the General Assembly favor its enforcement the constitutional prohibition will continue a dead letter." It will be a very easy matter for temperance people to express their sentiments in favor of the second amendment by voting for it, but they will find it quite different and far more difficult to elect a legislature that will carry their ideas into effect. The best plan is to let the Scott Law take its course and get prohibition out of politics.

HAUK AND HOADLEY.

A newspaper man from Indianapolis has been circulating the report that the gambling fraternity of the Pacific Coast had contributed a fund of $60,000 to assist in the election of Judge Foraker, in the expectation that he will pardon Lou Hauk from the Penitentiary. The writer did not say that Foraker promised to pardon him, but that he had promised to consider it, in such terms as to give the fraternity the utmost confidence in his intentions. The Warden of the Penitentiary, however, says, on the contrary, that Hauk is trembling in his boots lest Foraker is elected. His hope lies in the election of Hoadley, and he set an inquiry on foot to see if his attorneys, Maj. Blackburn and Tom. Powell, of Deleware, were doing work for Hoadley. He said that if they were not doing heart-work for Hoadley he would drop them as his attorneys hereafter, as he expects to gain a pardon through their aid. Hauk loses no opportunity to inquire as to Hoadley's chances of success. Detective John T. Norris, who brought Hauk from the Pacific slope after a hard chase across the continent, says that there is only one thing true in the Indianapolis article, and that is with regard to the popularity of Hauk among the sporting fraternity of the Pacific Coast. Hauk used to go into the country, make a big stake, and then "blow in" the proceeds in the faro banks at San Francisco and thereabouts. Hence the bunko men were anxious to prevent his removal to Ohio to the Penitentiary. He places no credence in the story that they have subscribed $60,000.

FORAKER MEET.

A Republican mass meeting is to be held at the State House, Tuesday evening at which Judge Foraker will probably be the principle speaker. Allen O. Myers is announced to speak to the colored men the same evening at the corner of Main and Seventh in the vicinity of the *maison's de joie*, and he is distributing cards denying that he said in a recent speech that he didn't want any Republican or 'nigger' to vote for him. But Allen O. Myers did say in his Champion Avenue speech: "We don't want any 'nigger' vote this year; we don't want Republican votes; we don't want sore-headed Democratic votes." By the time these votes are counted, including the vote of the friends of the so-called "sore heads," it will be ascertained that Myers has been defeated. His remarks in his last Wednesday's speech were as vituperative and irrational as those of Dennis Kearney. The two main reasons why he should be defeated are that his nomination was procured by fraud and the people do not want a fire brand in the Legislature from Franklin county.

CHARLEY BUTLER'S CRIME.

Chas. Butler, a noted desperado of this city who has done everything bad within the limits of his short life, has at last committed a crime which will send him to the gallows or to the penitentiary. He has recently been serving out a sentence in the city bastille, of forty days and nights on bread and water. He said that as soon as he got out he would find his wife and kill her and then kill his father. His wife went to Pierceton, Indiana, and he discovered her whereabouts and followed her to Pierceton. He shot her Saturday and the little woman has lingered since then, but has probably died by this time, as she was not expected to live through last night. It is said that the plea of insanity will be entered, but he should hang. FARRAND.

Enthusiastic for the Second Amendment.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE,—The Columbus correspondent to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* puts Coshocton county at 600 majority against the second Amendment.

He certainly did not circulate among the people in the western part of the county. Here we are calculating on a majority of 1,000 for the Amendment. Our people are thoroughly aroused to the importance of the question. We realize this is the opportunity of a life time to free society of the curse of the liquor traffic. Democrats and Republicans are vieing with each other in their efforts to secure the adoption of the second amendment. Meetings have been held at every conceivable point. The people are enthusiastic, earnest, jubilant. We fully understand that the cause of temperance will gain nothing from the adoption of the first amendment. It confers no new favor that the Legislature does not now possess, except to license a man to engage in the liquor business. And we know when license is voted into the constitution, prohibition of the traffic or local option is an impossibility. No sensible man who loves his home, virtue, law and order will vote to fasten on community a curse that cannot be got rid of. We know that the constitution as it is now is infinitely preferable to the first proposed amendment. Under our present constitution, according to the recent decision of our Supreme Court, the legislature may restrain, tax or even prohibit the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Not only has the Legislature power to prohibit the traffic in the State at large but every incorporated town or village may, through its council, prohibit it. Knowing these things, what sense is there in a temperance man or any other man who is in favor of temperance as against drunkenness, voting for a proposition that will not only limit the Legislature in its control of the traffic, but take from it powers it already possesses,

Would it not be the sensible thing to vote for the second proposition which says that our Legislators *shall*, *must* prohibit the traffic.

Democrats and Republicans are laying aside their partisan politics and are working with might and main, shoulder to shoulder for the adoption of the amendment. There has not been a more thorough canvass or more enthusiasm since war time. If the eastern part of the county will come as grandly to the rescue of the "home against the saloon" as will the western half, Coshocton county will be transferred from the *Enquirer's* minority column to the majority column by more than one thousand votes. If she is not then the signs have not been read right by JERRY COX.

FOOTSTEPS.

[Bolgravia.]

Footsteps over the sand—
Ay, my sister, I mark them well!
'Tis nothing that footsteps mark the strand,
But who shall read or tell
How fast of a man may tread down life
In the woman who thought to have been his wife!

Footsteps—nothing more!
The waves will soon ride wild and high
Will sink, and smooth will be the shore
When the sands are clean and dry—
As dry as my heart, and as clean as my soul,
And cold as the hope that have bought but dole!

A Roundabout Copyright.

Chicago Times.

It is stated that Mark Twain has succeeded in obtaining a Canadian copyright for his new book, "Life on the Mississippi." Last year he failed in a similar attempt for his "Prince and Pauper." On that occasion it was held that a temporary residence in the dominion was not enough; but this time he has affected his object in a roundabout way. Temporary residence in Canada, together with prior publication in England, sufficed to give an English copyright to his English publisher, who forthwith acquired a Canadian copyright in his own name.

A Simple Smoke Consumer

Inter Ocean.

Mr. John S. Barwell, engineer of this city, has the latest and most simple smoke consumer. On the bridge wall he constructs a section of tubes of fire clay, and tubes two feet in length, with a diameter of two inches. He starts the fire with coke, and the tubes soon get red hot, and then no matter what fuel is used, the smoke disappears in passing the fire-clay tubes, and beyond them is pure white flame.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS & CAPS.

NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

Men's, Boys' and Youth's BOOTS and SHOES.

Women's, Misses & Children's BUTTON AND LACE SHOES.

Good Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

Please call and examine and be convinced,

Old Stand, Main St.,

JNO. G. MAGAW,

Coshocton, Ohio, Sept. 26, 1883.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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ODD SPECULATION.

Men Who Live by Buying and Selling Business Plants.

A Talk with a Black-Eyed Little Man Who Had Bought Out a Cigar Shop, Brightened It Up, and Was Ready to Sell at a Profit.

[He] was a nervous, black-eyed, sharp-featured, restless little man, and the reporter, while lighting a cigar that he had just purchased, asked where he had met him before. The black-eyed man smiled meditatively.

"You might have seen me," said he rapidly, "when I kept a grocery in Third avenue; or when I had my fruit store in Thirtieth street; or when I sold furniture in Bleecker street; or when I was—"

"Enough," said the reporter. "I fear I am [bo]ring you. You have been unfortunate in your business ventures. Perhaps you will do better here."

"I cannot say I have been unfortunate," [sa]id the little man, smiling once more as he lighted a cigar. "I don't mind telling you how it is that you are likely to run across me at any time, in almost any part of the city. I am a professional mover. People say that I cannot be making money, because I am constantly moving, but that is precisely how I do make it. In a city like New York there are always a great many business changes. In the smaller stores along the avenues and in most of the cross business streets above Canal, you can find parties every day who are ready to sell out if they can only close up without any very heavy loss. There is an equal, or perhaps a greater number of men who are ready to jump into any little business which seems to promise them a modest competence. All I do is to step in and remove the seller at the lowest figures I can persuade him to take, and accommodate the buyer at the highest price I can get him to give. The difference is my profit."

"But do you find it so easy to sell out a business?" asked the reporter.

"No, not if I sell it out just as I buy it; but I put a new aspect on the face of affairs. I buy the business, renovate it, repair it, so to speak, and I put it in a proper light before the buyer. In almost all cases where a man wants to sell out, his business has run down, his stock is as small in quantity as it is poor in quality, the proprietor is spiritless and inattentive, and his place has a thin, shabby, dilapidated look; he finds it hard to dispose of it. My business is to buy it, freshen it up, light up, give it a brisk business air, and if I cannot really infuse new life into it, give it the appearances of prosperity. A few economical, but artistic and effective touches will do this, and a little modest assurance will sell the concern out.

"For instance, I bought out this little cigar store two weeks ago. I had my eye on it for some time, and noticed the premonitory symptoms of early dissolution. I inquired in the neighborhood when the man's rent would be due. Two days before that time I made my appearance, and got into easy conversation with him, in the course of which he proposed selling out to me. Then I obtained the very lowest price for fixtures, stock and the business separately. The upshot of it was that I would pay nothing for the business, because there was none, and cut down the prices of stock very materially. I appeared to him to be about to make the offer, when I mentioned the rent. Then I told him I could not assume so heavy an expense at the start, and went away. The next day, being the day before the rent was due, I dropped in again for a cigar, and the man resumed the previous subject. We settled at last, I agreeing to pay half the rent. I demanded immediate possession and obtained it. I gave myself twenty-four hours to put on the fancy touches. Scrubbers started in first, and were instantly followed by cheap paperhangers and whitewashers. Then the whole stock was brushed up, the fresh sides of the boxes were turned outward, unsightly objects were flung into the yard or under the counter, and a cheap but extremely showy chandelier was put down where it would make the best show. Then came the stocking. This is an art by itself, and a great deal of your success in this business depends upon it. You see, you must so arrange that in selling out you will not only get paid for your business,' which has cost you nothing, but make a profit on your stock, which has cost next door to it. Of course, I choose the cheapest but showiest article for a business like this, as the man I propose to sell out to must be a green one. A good many of that sort buy small cigar stores, for there is a current opinion largely held among certain buyers of city plants, though it is an erroneous one, that anybody can run a cigar store. Of course, I make the window bloom, and almost always put in a new and brilliant chandelier of many burners. I always insist that the incomer shall settle the gas bill. Then I hire an assistant and advertise for a purchaser. I can soon tell if I have found the right kind of a chap. I talk to him very quietly and say little. Selling a business is a delicate matter. Almost the whole point is in hitting the man's fancy. If you have fixed up your place with special reference to this idea, and you can soon tell if he likes the style. If he does, let his imagination work. If not, you can say nothing useful. In either case you can tell him you are a little busy and get him to come in at night—things always look more lively then and close the transaction as soon as you can.

"There is an interesting little point here, which some of the unprincipled men in our profession are only too apt to play. I need not tell you, sir, that I never—— but you would not suspect me, I know. They make an appointment with a would-be purchaser to call at, say, 8 o'clock in the evening. Then they take a hundred or so of good cigars in their pockets and visit all of their neighbors who keep open all night, give them three or four cigars, tell them they would be pleased to see them now and then, and wind up by asking them to step in in the course of that evening and see how good a cigar can be sold for 10 cents. Well, the men have already accepted some of the cigars, and the chances are that a full half of them will call in for a minute or so in the course of the evening and chop the dealer and his assistant passably busy. Meanwhile he has stationed his probable buyer in an obscure corner, and if he plays his cards properly he will have greatly impressed him with the extent of the trade. Of course I don't go as far as this myself.

"O, yes; I have bought out all kinds of plants. I started in originally with a paint store. That venture was not a success. But paint stores are so everlastingly hard to sell that I obtained my present knowledge of this kind of traffic while I was working that plant off my hands. I know one man who makes a specialty of selling liquor stores. The way purchasers usually get caught in such transactions is by paying for the business. Now, a business is a peculiarly ephemeral thing. You may sell a bit of stock to a man, but you positively cannot sell him a customer. Most customers are, in fact, as easily blown away as though they were thistle down. It is very different in the old country. Of all people on earth, Americans have the reputation of being the hardest to make customers.

OVER A PRECIPICE.

Four-Horse Team Runs Away With a Coach on a Steep Mountain Side.

Santa Barbara Press.

The stage coach which runs daily between Santa Barbara and Los Alamos were [illegible] afternoon while coming [illegible] the south side of the [illegible] mountains, about ten or twelve miles from this city. Soon after leaving a steep rocky slope on the mountain side, rightly named "Slippery Rock," and where the ascent is at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a sheer fall of [illegible] of fully [illegible] feet on one side, one of the lead horses became unmanageable and started to run. Butterfield, the driver, did his best to hold in his team. The brakes were put on tight, and as the horses commenced to go at a reckless, breakneck speed down the crooked, rocky, narrow incline, the driver realized the impossibility of stopping them. There were several miles of a steep grade below, and it was narrow, rocky and crooked. To stay on the stage was to go over a precipice and be dashed to pieces. Having decided that the stage could not be saved, Butterfield shouted to the two passengers inside to "jump out and save your lives!" At the same time the driver dropped lines and whip and sprang from his seat upon the rocky bank on the off side of the team. Mr. Ben Lelbes, who was one of the passengers, was the first to jump out. He was light and fell like a feather, right side up. The other passenger was R. Estill. He was less fortunate than his companion and in jumping among the rocks was badly hurt.

The stage, a minute after Estill had jumped off, went over a precipice into a chasm on the left of the road, about two hundred feet deep. The jerk with which it went over broke the couplings from the two lead horses, which went galloping down the road unhurt. The wheel horses were dragged backward by the stage coach and went all together to the bottom of the precipice. The stage was badly wrecked and the baggage reduced to small pieces. Singular to relate, the two horses, which were dragged after the stage, were found among the wreck, almost unhurt.

Give the President a Rest.

The Continent.

We are apt to forget the strain that is put upon our chief magistrate. Not only is he expected to consider carefully and decide wisely all of the great questions that affect the administration of a great government, but for four or five days in each week he is expected to receive and confer with any citizen who chooses to come, on business or without business, to see the president, speak to him, fire off an address at him, scold him, tease him, worry him in any way that the citizen may see fit to adopt. It has come to be one of the duties of the office that the president shall allow himself to be thus badgered. Yet, of itself, it is not a little wearing, and, in connection with his other duties, certainly makes a large draft on the nervous energy of the chief executive. A few months ago, as we passed through the room where this daily review takes place, and remarked upon the weary look on the president's face, he waved his hand toward the middle of the room and said:

"I have shaken hands with more than four hundred people here to-day. Of course I am tired—too tired to attend to what needs to be done. It is a poor use to make of a president. Some time there will come one brave enough to do away with this useful parade, and save his strength for things the nation needs to have done and has entrusted to his hands."

Give the president a rest—in the woods, on the plains, in the shadow of the mountains, anywhere he may choose to go—for any one who has ever visited that whited sepulchre by the Potomac knows that the winter soon comes, when presidents are not allowed to rest.

Interesting Facts About the Burmese

Myatt Kyaw, M. D.

In Burmah there is an old tradition that at some time long ago a wonderful book was lost. The missionaries tell them this book is the bible. They find this tradition a great help to them in approaching the heathen. In Burmah boys only go to school. They study in concert aloud, and can be heard half a mile. Boys' heads are shaved until they are 15 years old, when the hair is allowed to grow until it is three feet long. They all wear turbans. The chief article of clothing is a piece of cotton or silk, if they can afford it, about fifteen feet long and four feet wide. This is usually draped about the loins. It is also used as a cradle and hammock. Betel nut chewing is a universal habit. The girls chew it in childhood to make their lips red, and later in life it becomes a confirmed habit. Everybody smokes. Tobacco and cigars are carried in holes punctured in the lobe of the ear. There are no surnames in Burmah. Names there have great significance, all having a symbolical meaning. My father had a very lucky name. The natives are timid when white men approach them, but are not afraid of white women. The complexion of the people is dark, but the young ladies make their faces a shade or two lighter by the application of a bark, which they roast and crumble to a powder. The Burmese always have large families.

Baggage Smashing.

Philadelphia Times.

"Where's that trunk been?" said a reporter yesterday, pointing to a dismantled hulk that had evidently put in to refit from the sea of summer travel.

"I should think that handle was yanked off somewhere up the Northern Central. There's a man at Elmira, I think it is, whom we always know by the way he leaves his handles—always tears 'em out on the same end of one side. When a trunk is split along the Connecticut coast. The Stonington transfer splits trunks like a buzz-saw, but when you get a trunk stove in at both ends, with the hinges off and the lock collapsed, you can be pretty sure it's seen into Canada. There's where they do mash baggage. You see they get so durned mad handling the chests of drawers and washtands and wood boxes that pass for baggage in that country that they view every trunk as a natural enemy, and they single out the good ones like sharpshooters lay for officers."

"What's your particular private mark?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, we don't smash baggage here. Baggage smashin', like the shakes in Jersey, is always in the next town. But I ain't got no grudge against these summer Saratogas, anyway," said the baggage man, looking in a kindly way at the model village of two-story wooden houses about him.

Cooling Off a Composing Room.

Helen Campbell in The Continent.

The composing room of The New Orleans Picayune is situated in the upper story of its publication house, just under the roof, and in summer is extremely hot. Last season an inspiration seems to have come to one of the oppressed occupants, and in accordance with it a vertical wooden box was constructed in the corner of the room, with openings at the floor and ceiling, and furnished with a pipe for supplying water at the top and a pan and drain at the bottom for receiving and carrying it safely away. The supply-pipe was bent over the upper end of the shaft, and fitted with a nose like that of a watering-pot, so as to deliver a shower of spray instead of a solid stream. On connecting it with the service-pipe, the movement of the water was found to cause an active circulation of the air in that part of the room, which was drawn in at the upper opening of the shaft and issued again, cool and fresh, at the floor level.

The most surprising thing about the experiment seems to have been the effect of the water in cooling the air to a degree much below its own temperature. With Mississippi water, which when drawn from the service-pipe indicated a temperature of 84 degrees, the air of the room, in which the thermometer at the beginning of the trial stood at 96 degrees, was cooled in passing through the length of the shaft to 74 degrees, or about 20 degrees below the temperature at which it entered, and 10 degrees below that of the water which was used to cool it. Of course the absorption of heat by the evaporation of a portion of the water accounts for its refrigerating effect, but the result seems to have been so easily and inexpensively attained, that the experiment would be worth repeating.

More Dignified.

New York World.

"Well, and how about your marriage?" "I have broken it off." "You haven't, have you?" "Yes. My intended father-in-law wanted references." "And you were offended?" "Not at all; only, as I knew he would have broken off the engagement afterward, I preferred to have the start of him, and broke it off myself. It is more dignified, you know."

"SLOSHING AROUND."

Burdette's Advice to a Young Man of Political Aspirations.

Throw Stones Fast and "Holler" All the Time—But be Sure and Give It to the Mormons Red-Hot.

Bob Burdette in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Be something, young man. If none of the existing parties satisfy you, organize one of your own, and go "sloshing around." But have a politic. Institute a war cry. View with alarm and point with pride on your own hook, but do view and point. If you are very vigorous you may also at times "recoil with horror." You will find this very effective toward the close of the campaign. If I had time, my son, I believe I could fit you out with a full and complete assortment of tools, weapons and armor for politics.

You should have, at the opening of the campaign, besides the matters already mentioned:

One dozen kegs of nails, wherewith to nail the enemy's lies. Shriek every time you nail a lie, "Down with the Mormons."

A few judicious lies to toss around carelessly and not too early, just to keep him busy. Shout when you scatter them. Say something mean about the Mormons.

A few "demands" for things that we already have, and have had for fifty years. Nobody will notice this if you only yell them out lustily, and with the air of a man who is saying something new. The older the "demand" the louder you must yell when you make it. "Demand" especially that the Mormons be suppressed.

Some "pledges," more or less. Pledge yourself to something easy—the abolition of Mormonism, the abolition of slavery and unyielding opposition to the payment of the Confederate bonds by the state of Ohio. Roar about it, and give it to the Mormons red-hot.

Remember the soldiers. This is eminently proper, patriotic and cheap. 'Twon't cost you a cent. Stand upon the house-tops, and in a loud voice call them "the defenders of the republic," and declare that they shall have their rights. Along near the close of the campaign you might also promise them their lefts. That's what they'll get anyhow, but you needn't say anything about that. Keep as noisy as possible, and howl: "The Mormons must go!"

Arraign the administration! Oh! every time arraign the administration. And a common arraignment will not do. If any platform contain not a scathing arraignment of the administration the same is a liar and a horse thief, be the same more or less. If, unfortunately, you are on the side of the administration, then you must arraign the other party. But you labor under a great disadvantage if you are in with the administration. It is so much easier to stand in the street and throw stones at the window than it is to stand in the window and throw stones into the street.

Blessed be opposition. Because why? You're liable to run out of stones. There are no stones in the house, whereas the street is full of 'em, and the man in the window can't throw until the man in the street has first fired a rock at him. And if it so be that the first dornick catches him in the eye his case is distressing; or if it be that while he is stooping to pick up the first stone the man in the street fires half a dozen more at his stooping figure then is the last state of the man in the house worse than the first. "Holler" as loud as you throw fast, and let the Mormons have it all the time.

For the reasons set forth above, never fight on the defensive. Always keep going up and down like a raging lion, seeking where you may investigate somebody. "You haven't taught me any of the parries," said a young soldier to an old Prussian fencing-master. "Parries be—" (I have forgotten the Prussian for that word) replied the old mustache. "You thrust; let the other fellow parry." Lay it on to the Mormons, every lick.

Demand the gradual resumption of specie payments. It has been accomplished so many years that most people have forgotten it, and this slogan will catch the Greenbackers. There, that reminds me. By all means have a slogan. No party is equipped for the contest until it has a slogan.

In some wards you will want a slogan that holds a quart.

Down with the Mormons, remember. And talk loud.

Put civil service reform on the back. Remember that, in the hands of the administration, it is a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and nepotism, an object of selfish ambition and base personal greed; but in your hands and those of your relatives, by consanguinity, marriage and adoption, public station would be a place of honor and honesty, capacity and fidelity, and constitute the only valid claims to public endorsement. And right here, oh how you can scathe the Mormons!

In regard to the tariff, denounce Mormonism as a scandal and a reproach, that is breeding a demoralization from its foul and festering chaps, that is fetid with rank corruption, that threatens to pollute the entire system of the grandest government on "God's green yarth." This will catch the free protradetionists.

I think there's about all you need to start with, my boy, and the other things will occur to you as the campaign advances. It's always safe to let into the Mormons. They have no friends east of the Rocky mountains, and very few west. Some of these points you may have to modify a little, but in the main you can use them as they are. They have been used by two parties during the past twenty years, and have come out radiant with victory and noble in defeat every time.

Thought It Was a Circus Poster.

Cor. New York Post.

An incident equally characteristic of the lumberman came partly under my own observation at Bamfield's on the Au Sable, two or three days ago. Bamfield's is a rude farm house, where many of the river men sojourn during their work of driving logs. In the dining room is hung an effulgent poster sent out by some religious society, representing the scriptural incident of the deluge. The ark is moored to the strand on a yeasty expanse of sea. In the background rises an ancient city, with its vaulting towers and battlements. In the foreground Noah, in flowing garb, is portrayed leading to the ark the procession of paired brutes who, docile as lambs, reach two by two in a long train to the distant horizon. The whole picture is gotten up in most gorgeous hues, and suffused with all the tints of the rainbow. A big lumberman entered the room. He gazed for a while upon the picture, then remarked innocently: "When's the circus and where's it a-going to be?"

Mrs. Stowe's Opinion.

New York Sun.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe says that novels of the day lack romantic interest. Human passion has come to be synonymous with a mawkish hysteria, to be photographed without grace, and by what strikes her as a dry process, which takes the victim in the middle of an emotion, as a horse is caught with his feet in the air.

VERY INTERESTING CHAT.

The [illegible] Street Conversation of Two Well Dressed Girls.

Detroit Post.

Two fashionably dressed girls met yesterday on the Campus Martius, said one:

"Hello! you sweet thing, what do you know?"

"Know? noth—'cept that they've got a new clerk in ——'s store—a regular dandy. Went in, you know, for [illegible] and tell you, he's a swell. Wow! got any money?"

"[illegible], but not much. Why?"

"Oh, they've got the boss creams at ——'s. I've got a whole nickel; thought we might whack up. Met Kit and Sue with a bundle of 'em; they never offered me a smack, the old cranks! Let's set up opposish."

"How mean! Been to the postoffice?"

"Steen times."

"That ain't many. Come with me. We'll get the candy and sail in—make the pumphandle's eyes stick out. Funny, ain't he?"

"Funny! not so funny. Went to the dance at Nell's with him, and he walked all over my feet. Say! you know Willie Wall-Eye?"

"I should smeel! Did he talk an arm off you?"

"Once, Cesar! The other one felt weak. He told me that old joke about his going into the hotel—"

"Oh, Jemime! I've heard that once or once and a half or twice. Say! they've got telephone connection with down town!"

"Wow! spose I don't know that—talked down the other day to Josiah. Jinks! he was sweet!"

"Thought you didn't know him."

"Oh, you sweet thing! What's the diff! told him he would find me if he took the cars with the blue light on."

"Going to see him?"

"Not match."

"Have you seen the new college tough?"

"Wow! He's no earthly!"

"Why? Is he crushed on anybody?"

"No; seven girls gave him the dead march the other day. He caught step with himself 'steen times, he got so rattled; wrathy, too, I guess, for he turned around and says 'thanks, awfully'!"

"Say, Cal, I was down to Lily-bud."

"How did you get your courage to stick?"

"Stick! had to do it; so I says 'Cal, do you go.' She came to the door in a buff tea-gown, hair done Langtry, and said: "Wa haw daw you daw, am aw alone.' I thought 'hard luck for me,' and pounded my head when she wasn't looking; staid ten minutes and then remembered I had to go home because mamma had a headache; told her to run in any time—knew she wouldn't come in the back door, and I could skip out that way—am good for that any day."

"Well, you will have a prac-nac when she gets there. Have you seen Da' Leonard's new mash? Came over in two ships—it's a soft snap for her—turns its toes in and says: 'Naw! don't you knoaw'—two of a kind, ain't it?"

At this time a runaway team put an end to the most interesting conversation on record.

THE PLUG HAT FEVER.

A Disease Almost as Fatal to Young Men as Is the Mustache Ambition.

All the Symptoms Carefully Set Forth with Scientific Exactness—The Heroic Treatment.

Peck's Sun.

"Have you ever been attacked with the plug hat fever?" asked an old gentleman the other evening, and, without waiting for a reply, went on to relate his own experience, and to tell the result of his own observations. "I never knew of a young man who, when he had reached an age between 18 and 25, but what he had the plug hat fever to a greater or less severity. He will suffer a great deal, too, before it fairly breaks out, and he gets a shiny tile on his head. Then he suffers severely for several days after he gets the hat, and is conceited enough to believe the eyes of the whole world are upon him. He will wish for the first day or two he hadn't got it, and then again he'll pluck up grit enough to wear it in spite of everything. Next to the mustache ambition, the plug hat fever strikes to the very vitals. The first symptoms of the fever makes its presence known by the victim visiting some hat store, and trying on half a dozen silk hats, and looking admiringly at himself in a mirror. He will put it on square, then cock it over to the right side, then hang it on his left ear, and smiles with satisfaction at the image of himself under the hat in the mirror. A young calf under a new shed could not feel prouder of itself than the young man with goose down on his upper lip, when he first beholds his manly brow in a looking glass, supporting a shiny silk hat. It's too overcoming for anything, and in a great many instances it is more overcoming than becoming. But then they must have 'em, no matter about the expense. Finally the hat is purchased, put in a hat box and conveyed to the young man's room with the greatest of care and fond expectations of the manliness it will give the wearer in the near future. For a week, maybe, he will exercise the hat by wearing it in his room for a few hours every evening. Finally he gets his courage to the proper pitch, and, on an auspicious Sunday evening starts for church with the hat nicely setting on the top of his head. He knew he would attract attention and the first street urchin he meets calls attention to it by shouting 'shoot the hat.' Now how did that young heathen come to notice anything new or novel in the hat? It is easily explained. When a man wears a plug hat on the street for the first time he gives himself away by his I'm-on-dress-parade air. He will walk as carefully as though trying to balance a pail of water on his head and expecting every moment that it will tip off and douse him. It don't squeak like a new shoe to attract attention, but it stiffens up the spine in an unusual and unnatural degree. It takes several public appearances in the new plug to again limber up the spine to its normal condition. Arriving at church the young man hesitates for an instant about going in, but remembering an appointment to see a young lady home, he braces up, stiffly holds the determined-to-attract-attention silk hat over his right forearm, he mentally swears vengeance on the usher who prances him up to the front pew in the centre of the church for no other purpose than to call attention, in his mind, to the new plug. Eight out of ten first-time-I-wore-a-plug-hat young men will become so agitated that instead of putting the hat on the floor out of the way, will place it on the seat and forget to remove it when the usher shows some one else for the sole purpose, in his mind, of having them sit on it and wreck it. It's a good thing to have the first plug wrecked in this way, because the first hat has got to be wrecked, but it is generally done by some kind friend who sneaks up behind, jams it down over your eyes and is away before you fairly understand a brick block hasn't tumbled on to you. A plug hat is probably the most dressy hat, but heavens! how a man suffers when the fever first fully develops itself to a head.

Just as the story was finished a young fellow with skin-tight pants, toothpick shoes, arms curved so as to make his body look as though it was in a parenthesis, with a pipe-stem cane in the fingers of his right hand, while a shiny, latest loud style of plug hat was on his head, passed. "Poor fellow," remarked the old man as he passed into the hotel. "If he only had brains enough to cover the point of a cambric needle his hat would be quite becoming. They all get the fever though, regardless of brains."

Wanted Some Drums in His Music.

Philadelphia Times Interview.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Hassler, "we get very queer orders. Not long ago a certain man in this city came into a big fortune and went to Europe to enjoy it. When he came back he engaged me to procure some music for an entertainment that he was about to give at his house. 'You must have some drums,' he said, 'I like the drum effect.' That puzzled me, for, you see, only six or eight pieces had been engaged and one of the instruments was a grand piano. That suggested something to me and I said: 'Have you ever heard of a drum accompaniment with a piano?' He said he had not, and then I told him that that was just what was needed. With the piano came, and I took with me, in addition to the other instruments, two ordinary tambourines from which I had removed the bells. These I placed under the grand piano. The music went on splendidly and everything was perfect. The old gentleman, though, seemed troubled. Finally he came to me and whispered: 'Where's that drum accompaniment?' 'Don't you hear it?' I asked him, pointing to the tambourines. 'Oh,' said he, 'I see now. But it don't seem to me that them drums has much to do.' I explained that they were not needed just at that moment, and the old man went away perfectly satisfied. Afterwards I found out that the drums he had heard in Paris played with an orchestra of 120 pieces."

Summer Resorts Classified.

Philadelphia News.

A first-class summer resort is one at which the cottagers will not speak to the hotel guests. A second-class resort is one at which the hotel guests will not speak to the cottagers. A third-class resort is one at which everybody tries to have a good time.

A Chirruping Actress.

An American actress, now on a visit to London, impresses Truth as being "such a sweet little thing!" She looked about 15 years old, with a pretty, round face, large blue eyes, and a dear little mouth. And, in a social entertainment, she "half recited, half chirruped." The impressionable writer was curious to know how she managed her voice. She said that she had heard of a wonderful professor at Philadelphia who had a peculiar method of producing the voice by means of muscular exercises. He taught her, and then she went home to the woods and "passed hours and hours listening to birds and imitating them."

How the Southern Pacific was Built.

Exchange Correspondence.

Viewed by itself, the Southern Pacific railroad is a miracle of enterprise, daring and persistency, and was built in the face of obstacles and disadvantages that would have crushed any but western spirits. It crosses the mountains by the most wonderful tricks of any engineer's audacity, crossing and recrossing its own tracks and curling its iron loops about the Tehacipi peak until the track lies on it like a lariat thrown by Titantic hands. It crosses leagues upon leagues of desert that any century will not see reclaimed from their waste of sands: stretches through the bed of an ancient lake where the barometer shows a depression three hundred feet below the level of the sea, and pursues its straight course across an arid country where dew or rain is seldom known and water can not be found. The road was built in the face of every discouragement, and for months at a time tracklaying and work had to be suspended on account of the fierce desert heats. The iron rails and tools became so hot that they could scarcely be handled. The men could not endure the exposure of the scorching sun, and in the land of the marauding Apaches there were other perils to be dreaded. Water for the workmen had to be carried in tank cars, and when the northers and sandstorms swept the deserts the work of days was leveled and obliterated in a trice. Although civilization has been carried into this Sahara, it is only by the railroads that it exists, although the little green oasis around each station allows what it is capable of, and now the desert may literally be made to blossom like the rose. The company builds double-roofed houses for its employes to live in, the second roof being raised on posts three or four feet above the real covering of the house walls, in order to admit of the free circulation of air and to keep the direct rays of the sun from striking the house. The second roof then extends with long sloping eaves almost to the ground, affording cover and shade all about the buildings. Other modes of tropical life are resorted to in order to make existence bearable.

Plantation Philosophy.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Truth is stranger den fiction an' mighty heap scarcer.

De edycation ob a man is his silver, but his common sense is his gold.

Fortune sometimes comes ter de one what least expecks it, but it is more apt ter come ter de man what works for it.

De wust boy don't al'ers turn out ter be de bes' man. I has knowd good boys ter drag along an' finally amount ter suthin'.

Yer kaint allers jedge ob a man by his public walk. It's sometimes de nicest steppin' man dat runs down de heel ob de shoe.

"Machine Guns" at Dartford.

Chicago Times.

English officers in whose presence at Dartford the Nodenfeldt "machine guns" were recently exhibited were amazed at the rapidity with which they were discharged, although familiar with many devices for rapid firing. The estimated service from the twelve-barrel gun, weighing about 250 pounds, is 1,150 rounds a minute, and the test proved the estimate true, for 600 rounds were fired in less than thirty-two seconds. A single barrel for cavalry service was discharged fifty four times in thirty-three seconds, and all the shots hit the target within a circle of th diameter of two feet.

PERILS OF WATERED WHISKY.

An Ex-Confederate Surgeon's Experience During War's Privation's.

Washington Cor. Philadelphia Record.

"Speaking of privations in the rebellion," said an ex-Confederate surgeon standing by, "reminds me of the scarcity of the elixir of life in the southern army. Whisky was scarcer than corn, and that's saying a great deal. Everybody wanted it. Very few people had it, and as a general rule what they had was mighty bad. Usually the surgeon had whatever spirits there were in camp, and so I had my daily drink right through the war, with a few memorable exceptions. But it was not always the best whisky. Once I remember I got some liquor, but I had nothing to put it in except an old barrel that had been used for vinegar. Now they made vinegar out of anything that came handy during the war. The vinegar had been made out of chemicals. There was little or no fruit juice in it. At the bottom of the barrel was a very curious chemical deposit of a composite character that I could make little or nothing of. I risked the whisky, though, and it really wasn't hurt; but there was just this about it: If you put water with it it turned white and frothed right up in your face. So I told everybody that the liquor was weak and that it ought to be drunk out of a tin cup. Almost everybody was too glad to get it to be particular about the conditions. But one day Col. Jack Dade, a Virginian, came to camp as a visitor. Of course he came to see me. 'Any liquor?' he asked. 'Yes,' said I; 'but it's mighty weak, and we have nothing but tin cups.' 'Well,' he said, 'I can stand the tin cups, and the whisky, too, I guess.' So I drew him a cupful. 'Here, John,' he said to my nigger, who was standing grinning by, 'bring me some water.' 'Why, colonel,' I expostulated, 'you are not going to put water in weak whisky, are you?' 'Certainly,' he said; 'I always put water in any liquor,' and the boy, who had darted off full of laughter as soon as the colonel spoke, was back with a cup of water before I could say another word. Of course that nigger knew as well as I did what was coming, but the more I trembled the more he grinned. The colonel poured the water in, and the confounded liquor turned as white as my face and frothed like beer. 'Great heavens!' said the colonel, pale as a sheet, 'he's tried to poison me.' And he rushed from the tent in a paroxysm of terror that gave me no opportunity to explain. I don't believe that he accepted my explanation, save in form, when I did get a chance at him."

London's Mob.

A writer in a London newspaper says that, after spending months among the poor of the city, he has come to the conclusion that large numbers of them have a hatred and ferocity toward wealth and aristocracy which could not be surpassed by any Russian Nihilist or French Communist.

CATHAY'S CUISINE.

Pork and Rice at the Head of the Celestial Bill of Fare—Other Delicacies.

Pekin Cor. St. Petersburg Messenger.

Excluding beef and dairy products, Chinamen eat everything that is edible—horse and ass flesh, snakes, rats, mice, dogs, grasshoppers, spiders, worms, cocoons, sea cucumbers, swallows' nests, etc. Once, while living in a villa near Pekin, I saw a very strange scene. There appeared a cloud of grasshoppers. Suddenly the field was covered with Chinamen, who ran frantically hither and thither gathering them in. They filled large sacks and bags with the insects. They carried portable stoves, on which they roasted their curious game. Other Chinamen greedily devoured the grasshoppers, paying a penny for ten.

At the head of all meats Chinamen put, of course, pork. In their opinion, to the hog belongs the first place in the list of domestic animals. If you ask a Chinaman why, he will answer you proudly: "Because it was the hog from whom the Chinamen descended!" Don't you see, the Celestials have beaten Darwin on the theory of the descent of man. It is only natural, then, that among Chinamen hogs should enjoy full rights of citizenship. Like dogs, they wander wherever they please. A Chinese street without a number of hogs is an impossibility. Are there many hogs in China? I should think so. On a single holiday in memory of their ancestors—not the original ancestors, the hogs, but merely human ancestors—the Celestials eat fully 650,000 hogs. I must admit that Chinese pork is superior to any found elsewhere on the globe. Poor Chinamen, who can not afford to buy pork, eat meat of dogs, asses, horses, rats, mice, rabbits, hares, goats and sheep. But I never saw them eating cats.

Of birds the Chinese eat silver pheasants, ducks, geese, chickens, jackdaws, crows and many others. Curiously enough, the so-called Cochin-China fowls are very rarely seen here. Salt eggs are in great use here.

Among the choice delicacies of the Chinese must be mentioned the fins of sharks and the nests of sea swallows. Under the latter is understood not the whole nest, but only the mucilaginous inner coating of the nests. It is believed that the swallows who build their nests on the sea rocks cover their nests and glue them to the rocks with the juice of sea cane, which, on being dried, looks like mucilaginous membrane. On the market these nests are found in the shape of a hemisphere of the size of a half orange peel. The nests are sold here at from $15 to $25 per pound. They are used principally for making broth, to which they give a peculiar aroma and taste, much varied by gastronomers.

Rice stands, of course, at the head of vegetable foods. Without rice gruel no meal is served here. "Fan" means both "to have a meal" and "to eat rice gruel." The brown rice, which is common rice, but heated and musty, is much liked. There is also a red variety of rice.

Honey is much used here, but chiefly as a cosmetic. After being mixed with flour it is used by the women in their hair-dressing. With their hair saturated, sticky and shining with honey, they must be, indeed, sweet.

As everybody knows, the Chinese are passionately fond of tea, which they cultivate for the rest of the world. They drink it at every meal, at home and out, when idle and a work, in shops and in offices—in short, everywhere, and at any time of day or night. The red, black and green sorts of tea they prepare only for export, while they themselves use exclusively yellow tea. They take tea in small cups, and without sugar.

Though in China there are excellent sorts of grapes, yet no wine is prepared there. The Chinese make two kinds of whisky—of sargo and of rice—and drink a good deal of it. Women also drink and smoke here. A tin gill of the shape of an hour-glass is used for whisky-drinking. They had no glass-works here until recently, when an American gentleman taught some Celestials to make glass. During my thirty years' residence here I have never seen a single drunken Chinaman on the street. No coffee or chocolate is used here.

The unusually fertile soil of this country yields products enough to satisfy the appetite of all the Celestials, and in view of their peculiar philosophy of the stomach they ought to be able, all of them, to reach the blissful state of satiety. Yet how many of them are lean, hungry, with wistful eyes and hollow stomachs? What a heartrending tragedy each of these thin fellows presents, whose all-absorbing idea is to be thick! When I look upon the crowd of hollow-cheeked Chinamen and then upon the few who are in the blissful state of corpulency, I can not help thinking of the lean-fleshed and the fat-fleshed kind of Pharaoh.

A Quaint Old City.

Quebec Letter.

This is one of the most curious old cities ever seen. Everything is narrow and contracted. Although there are only two or three of the real old houses left, yet there are none modern. Quebec is much given to the use of board plankings for side-walks; and these are generally in a state of chronic dilapidation. There are two lines of horse-cars (little dull-looking cars), one for the upper and one for the lower town, and the horses wear a regular string of sleigh-bells, which always remind one of winter. Riding in one the other day, a woman wanted to go into a store and get something, and the driver waited for her.

Everything has a French twist. There are no Chinese laundries. You never see a colored personage. And there is just one person who asks alms. He sits at St. John's gate—his gate beautiful—and has his limbs tied up like the one Raphvel has immortalized. Silver and gold gets he none, but plenty of coppers. In the city there are a good many houses for sale and to let, also vacant stores, which does not indicate much prosperity. Another way they have of neglecting to pull down walls after a building has burned, so that there are a good many of these blackened monuments. The walls of the parliament buildings, burned out seven or eight weeks ago, stand up gaunt, and ragged, and bid fair to stand.

The Maiden of the Bad Lands.

Cor. Detroit Free Press.

Eight miles distant from Little Missouri station there shows up from the side of one of the buttes a large vitrified mass of rock, tinted with red, and seen in profile perfectly resembling the head, face and bust of a woman. It is of a great size, sphynx-like, the upper portion of the figure visible, the rest buried in the earth. It is designated as "The Maiden of the Bad Lands."

The Indians looked upon it with dread. And as their traditions run, the "Maiden" was the daughter of a great spirit—the spirit of storm, whose dwelling place was in the distant mountains. The daughter became enamored of an Indian brave of the Crow nation and left her mountain home to become his wife. Her wrathful father changed the "Maiden" to rock, inundated the country and played havoc with the young brave's tribe. She has stood there ever since—her gaze toward the mountains—pleading with inanimate face for restoration to her former condition. In fine, an Indian Lot's wife, a disobedient "Maiden of the Bad Lands."

Sidney Smith once said that breakfast was so pleasant because nobody was conceited before 1 o'clock.

Arkansaw Lessings.

Opie P. Read.

[illegible] de eyes ob de wu'l' look makes a smart man outen a fool.

Dar's only a mighty short step 'twixt solfishness an' stinginess. It is strong [illegible] dat makes a man steal.

De man wid a thinkin' mind is neber alone 'cept when he's in company, an' is nebor in company 'cept when he's alone.

De man what doan care ter be credited wid de work what he himself does, ain't keen ter sin credit ter oder people fur what da do.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

[London Punch]

They sing their songs and their life-boat lays,
and the gossip to guest from host
Is of wreckage wild in the winter time round
the dangerous Cornish coast;
There are plenty of yarns of the sailor, and
of fisherman out at sea,
There are tales of the lighthouse keepers, and
of women who bend the knee
When their mates are away in the storm
time, and the cottage is lift to the roar
Of the hurricane lashing the surf to foam,
and screaming about the shore;
But best of all tales that ever I heard to make
me think better of men
Who fling in their lives for duty—it happened—you ask me when?
On a wonderful summer's evening, just as
holiday time began.
It had for its scene old Cornwall—its hero a
Coastguardman!

A party of "trippers" had ventured to visit
the rocks and caves,
Where the sea birds find their houses, and ignorant folks their graves;
You may search for wild adventure on the
seacoast south and north,
But for beauty, travel by Truro to the village
of Porranporth.
It was there on this summer evening, on the
beach as the daylight died,
That a wandering, thoughtless fellow was
caught at the turn of the tide;
Up came the sea and trapped him, cutting the
ground from his feet;
He rushed, but he couldn't go onward—then
back, there was no retreat!
Up came the sea still closer—was it death!
Not a second to count—
Then setting his teeth at the danger, to the
cliffs he began to mount.

Tearing the turf and the grasses, and scaring
the sea birds' nest,
Clinging with feet and fingers, and bruising
his arms and breast,
At last with a desperate struggle he lifted his
life to a stone,
Where he held with a cry for a second, suspended in air, alone!
Once more death barred his passage; and his
terrified face turned gray,
For the ledge of the rock he clung to was
crumbling slowly away!
"Where is the man for a rescue?" so the cry
of agony ran.
"I am that man, God willing!" said Regan,
the Coastguardman!
Then followed a terrible silence, a horror that
might be felt,
For the village was emptied of women, who
muttered their prayers and knelt;
They could see the eyes of the shivering man,
with the agonized face turned gray,
As stone after stone from his safety-ledge
kept slowly crumbling away!
"Bring me a rope!" said Regan, "and bind it
about my waist;
Look at that wretched fellow! In a second
he'll fall! Make haste!
Keep the cord tight in your hands, mates—
there, tighter so, and stiff;
Now, wait till I give the signal! Then haul
me over the cliff.
Why do you stand there staring? I'll save
him, mates, if I can;
If I die, I have done my duty!" said Regan,
the Coastguardman!

He swooped to his prey like an eagle, as they
lowered with bated breath
This man with his brave life given to a fellow condemned to death;
The silence grew more awful, and agony
paled on the lip
Of the women and men who waited; till at
last with a mighty grip
The man of the coastguard seized him, and
tightened his arms around
This prize he had risked his life for—then
searching for safety ground
They swung from the ledge together, for the
rope was taut and stiff,
Till it dragged the burdened hero to the arms
of the crowd on the cliff!

There are times when the heart's too full, sir,
for even our English cheers,
But the women they crowded around him
with kisses, and prayers, and tears!
So tell it about from the south to north, proclaim it where you can;
So spread it forth from Perranporth—this
tale of a Coastguardman.

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY.

Extracts From a Lecture Delivered to the Groceryman by the Bad Boy.

Peck's Sun.

"This Solomon is credited with being the wisest man, and yet history says he had a thousand wives. Just think of it. You have got one wife, and pa has one, and all the neighbors have one, if they have had any kind of luck. Does not one wife make you pay attention? Wouldn't two wives break you up? Wouldn't three cause you to see stars? How would ten strike you? Why, man alive, you do not grasp the magnitude of the statement that Solomon had a thousand wives. A thousand wives, standing side by side, would reach about four blocks. Marching by fours it would take them twenty minutes to pass a given point. The largest summer resort hotel only holds about 500 people, so Sol would have had to hire two hotels if he took his wives out for a day in the country.

"Statistics show that one woman out of every ten is red headed. That would give Solomon an even 100 red-headed wives. Just that 100 red-headed wives would be enough to make an ordinary man think that there was a land that is fairer than this. Then there would be, out of the other 900, about 300 blondes, and the other 600 would be brunettes, and maybe he had a few albinos, and bearded women, and fat women, and dwarfs. Now, those 1,000 women had appetites, desires for dress and style, the same as all women. Imagine Solomon saying to them, 'Girls, lets all go down to the ice cream saloon and have a dish of ice cream.' Can you, with your brain muddled with codfish and new potatoes, realize the scene that would follow?"

How Things Appear to the Insane.

One who has been Insane, in Popular Science Monthly.

The first that I remember of my attack was while I was riding in a railroad car. It seemed to me that the passengers in the forward part were getting up amateur theatricals. The fact that this did not surprise me, nor appear at all out of place, illustrates one curious feature of insanity, and that is its close similarity in many respects to dreaming. It is well known that the strange phantasmagoria attendant upon most of our dreams never strikes us at the time as at all astonishing, illogical or contradictory, because the critical faculty in sleep is partially and perhaps wholly dormant. And so also is it in insanity. And as a sound or a touch will suggest or give direction to an ordinary dream, so everything that occurs within the sight or hearing of an insane man affects him in like manner. Also, he has no more control over his words and actions, when the insanity is complete, than a somnambulist. And when a patient comes to himself, after having been insane, he feels as though he had been having a long and, sometimes, a very unpleasant dream.

Some of my delusions were of a frightful character, and resembled a nightmare more than anything else; but more often they were by no means disagreeable. Of course, it seemed strange to me afterwards that I could have been carried away by such absurdities. At one time I thought that the end of the world had come and the day of judgment was at hand. This was somewhat remarkable, because I had not for years been a believer in scriptural prophecies relating to those two events. Nor had I any faith in the doctrine that there is a hell of fire, yet in imagination I visited that place of torment and witnessed the tortures of the damned—without, however, getting scorched myself. Some strange conceits, that I had come across in books, occasionally suggested material for my mind to work on. I saw men whose souls I believed had been taken from their bodies, leaving behind the intelligent personal identity—an idea suggested by a character described in Bulwer's "Strange Story." Again I thought that demons occasionally reanimated human bodies after death, and this fancy I must have got from a dramatic work by Barry Cornwall entitled "Saul," in which the evil spirit sent, to trouble that unfortunate monarch, reanimated and took possession of the body of a priest whom Saul had slain. I mention these instances as serving to show the dream-like character [illegible]

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The Weather-Cock.

Translated by Prof. Edouard Baillot.

The town of Saint-Vrain-sur-Meslo is justly proud of its church. This monument is a marvel of ogive architecture. It was built by the Premontres, who had there their mother convent, and who, during many years, had appropriated to this work one half of their immense income.

The order was then in all the splendor of its power and opulence, and the monks, to exalt as high as the clouds their enthusiasm ploty and the glory of St. Augustine, their patron, decided that the steeple of their church should soar above all the spires of Burgundy.

The steeple, carved throughout like all the rest of the monument, shoots up straight to a height of 300 feet, to a terrace surrounded by a balustor of wrought iron, from which arises a spire 100 feet high, surmounted by a cross. The spire is octagonal, with a ledge of stone along each arris. The architects of this building seem to have had no idea that it might ever become necessary to repair it, and as they wished to reserve its summit for the birds or the angels, provided no access to it. Above the platform, there is no staircase and no ladder in the interior; outside, the smooth and polished roof, without any other relief than the projecting stone of each arris and the rounded facing of the slabs which form the covering.

The steeple of Saint-Vrain seems destined to justify for years, and perhaps for centuries to come, the blind faith that its constructors had in its eternity. It has been standing for four centuries, and neither rain nor sun, nor wind nor lightning have succeeded in wrenching from it a stone or even a grain of cement. People begin to believe that it is indestructible, and whisper to one another that oftentimes, after a stormy night at the dawn of day, before the inhabitants of Saint-Vrain are awake, invisible hands have come to repair it.

It must be acknowledged that, in a country somewhat superstitious, the aspect and the shape of this steeple favor singularly the numerous legends of which it is the subject. Its prodigious height seems to be doubled by the smallness of the dwellings ensconced below it; and one can see that, if it happens to fall, it would annihilate the town at one blow. The citizens of Saint-Vrain are inwardly in dread of it. It is so bold, so slight, that it is difficult to conceive how it can stand. The bell-ringers say that, during the heavy gales, it sways to and fro like a poplar, and that more than once they have been terrified at feeling themselves thus rocked between its stones.

Its profiles, though rigorously true to the purest and most exquisite principles of Gothic art, shoot forth so boldly as to make the flesh creep and the head turn giddy. With the exception of the ringers, who never go higher than the part of the tower where the bells hang, and the surveyor of historical monuments, who pretends he has done it, no one has ever dared to ascend to the platform. This platform, jutting out in the shape of a basket, is the more appalling from the fact that on three of its sides it hangs straight over the parviso of the entrance paved with large white flag-stones which glitter in the sunlight. The baluster, scarcely knee-high, is so near the wall, that there is just space enough to creep along, and anyone moving sideways to go round the balcony, particularly when passing the angles, feels as if the wall pushed him into the void.

He who possessed coolness enough to examine the carvings of this part of the tower, could not consider without agitation the fantastic ornaments and the truly demoniacal faces writhing and sneering in every corner and on every ledge. An old tradition relates that a stranger who ascended to the platform, more than a hundred years ago, went stark mad in consequence of having stared at the figure of a demon squatting down with his fists under his chin.

However, as, after all, poor humanity always manages to secure, at any cost, a small share of happiness in the midst of its fears and its sorrows, the citizens of Saint-Vrain lived in peace with their steeple, though looking at it occasionally with a scared and doubtful look, for in fact, with the exception of the stranger who had gone mad, the oldest inhabitant could not remember that it had caused any disaster. The harmony between the humble parish and the formidable steeple would have continued to this very time, had not an unexpected accident, caused moreover by a power worthy of so colossal an opponent, impaired the majesty of the monument by destroying its most sublime ornament. Lightning had struck the weather-cock of the steeple, and there remained of it nothing but fragments.

This event disturbed every soul in the village. Superstitious people saw in it a fatal omen for the church, for the town, for the harvest; the enlightened parishioners were grieved by it as by an irreparable accident, depriving them of the only vane to be relied on. There had always been a weather-cock on the steeple of the church, and now there would be none. They were used to it and they loved it; they loved it all the more that they had lost it, and with no chance of having it replaced, as, in everybody's opinion, it was held impossible to reach the summit of the spire.

As is often the case when some great disaster is brewing, a sinister shadow of the supernatural had thrown a mystery on this event. By constantly looking at the remains of the thunder-struck bird, still hanging motionless at the top of the cross, people discovered with terror that, seen from the door of this presbytery, this shapeless object etched out on the sky the silhouette of the evil one, and so perfect was the likeness that it was possible to see in that fact the premonition of a more than ordinary casualty.

Now everybody was acquainted with the very strange legend of how the blessed Pancrace, prior of the Premontres, being one day praying and at the same time thinking too much of the future greatness of his church, then in course of construction, the devil had wickedly thrown under his hood a sentiment of pride; the holy man, while hurrying over an act of contrition, had slyly drawn his beads from his waist, and had thrown them around the devil's neck. Then after dragging the rogue several times about his cell, sprinkling holy water over him at the same time, he had forced him to promise to keep in perfect repair the church from the foundations to the summit of the cross, usque ad consummationem saeculorum.

But he had not mentioned the weather-cock; no allusion to it could be found in the legend, and most evidently the devil was now wreaking his spite on the poor bird.

The dean of Saint-Vrain, who was a very enlightened priest, was soon made cognizant of these silly stories. He took them as a text for a sermon in which he reprimanded severely the rash and superstitious people who dared to mix up the name of Satan with the history of the most venerated founder of the church, and ended by forbidding his flock to speak any longer about this affair, announcing, moreover, that the vane was going to be replaced.

This was spread immediately through the town, and caused an immense relief. The anxiety which oppressed all hearts vanished, and made way for the inexpressible joy of a small town knowing that at last it is going to have its event! For it would be an event the steeple was going to recover all its glory.

the devil would be tricked, and (let me confess entre nous, that it was the true cause of all this joy) everybody looked forward to one of those awful dramas in which the spectator, in the midst of the most perfect security, enjoys the sight of a follow-creature grappling with fate and death.

Nothing looks more comfortably at home than a tin rooster turning to all winds on the point of a steeple; the difficulty, however, is not to see it, but to place it there. When the church authorities began to deliberate upon the means to be employed to replace the weather-cock, great perplexity was felt. In order to know what its size should be, all the parish records were ransacked, and finally it became necessary to correspond with the vicars of several metropolitan churches. A month was spent in these preliminaries, and the result was that the body of the bird, without the head and tail, should be the size of a sheep; that it should be made of galvanized zinc of appropriate thickness, weighing twenty pounds, and that it could be manufactured in Paris by a man whose address was given.

A fortnight later the bird was brought to the presbytery, where, after being carefully unpacked, it was exhibited to the curiosity and admiration of the faithful.

During the few days that the receptions lasted the bird did not show much courtesy to its visitors; its crest, cut out in sharp points, lacerated severely the lips of a young child who had leaned over the arms of his mother to kiss his head; its beak opened the forehead of a little girl who was pushed too near by boys scrambling to get a better view; the point of its tail caught the surplice of the priest and tore it badly.

Strange to say, even the animals seemed to experience, at the sight of it, a repulsion not unmixed with terror; the priest's dog growled at it, hanging his head with a sacred look, and, when, at some distance, turned to bark; the cat would sit in front of it, staring strangely with its green eyes; then, arching its back would go away, sketching fantastic circumvolutions in the air with its tail. This ill-omened influence, so evident and so constant, finally disturbed the mind of the priest himself, so much so that one day, when the placing of the bird was spoken of, the worthy divine could not help saying to one of his colleagues that "candidly he longed to be rid of this horrid beast." Saying which, whether influenced by remorse for this flash of superstition or from some fatal presentiment, he stared for a moment, bent his head, and made the sign of the cross. Now that you know the locality and the prologue of the tragedy, I will show you the victim.

The man who is now entering the hall of the presbytery, it is he; he is the one who is doomed.

What he is, what his name is, where he comes from, what matters it? He is, if you wish it, any one, the artisan who chanced to be there when a workman of his profession was needed; in short, he is a man; is not that enough?

Here he is, as sanguine in his own life as you may be yourself self confident in yours while I am speaking. His cap in his hand, he listens with deference to the words of the priest, nodding his head slowly while listening to the explanations given to him, calculating with a thoughtful and intelligent look the difficulties and the expense of his task. He passes his hand across his forehead, rubs his chin, names his reward; so much for the pole, so much for the ropes, so much for the hooks and rings, so much for the trouble——

And for the life?

The risks are not paid for; that is his business.

The bargain is concluded. He bows with a smile and retires. As he crosses the threshold, the good priest, suddenly seized by terrible anguish, calls him back, inquires in a tender voice if he is very sure of his strength and courage, if he does not fear giddiness, if he has well foreseen and calculated all the dangers of the undertaking.

The man looks at him with an astonished air, pulls up his sleeve to show his arms, strikes with his hand his enormous limbs, swells out his chest, and, lifting his head, stands erect like a Titan ready to scale the heavens. And he goes home, poor man, to rest.

Now is the time. The sun has risen two hours since. Refreshed by a good sleep, restored by a solid meal, the brave tiler climbs the steps of the steeple, followed by the two assistants who carry up to the platform the weather-cock, the pole and the ropes.

All the population of Saint-Vrain, swelled by a concourse of people from the surrounding parishes, crowds at the foot of the steeple. The gendarmes, keeping sentry, come and go, with a cadenced step, around the parviso, to maintain an empty space in case "something" should fall from the top of the spire. The large door of the nave, opening on the side of the tower, is closed to the public. In the church some old women, with anxious, pitying hearts, burn tapers and say prayers for the unknown man who up there is going to risk his life. The priest, turning with a trembling hand the pages of his breviary, bustles about in the vestry-room, not daring to go out to look, or to speak to anybody, or to ask for news.

Suddenly a sort of yelling, dull and prolonged, rises from the midst of the crowd gathered in the streets; the man has appeared on the platform. Partly seen within the opening of the door, he seems to be pulling at something, and, in fact, is unrolling the ropes that he lays in bundles on the edge of the parapet. He afterwards can be seen putting up along the base of the spire a pole higher than himself, and finally wrapping in some covering the vane which he deposits between the parapet and the wall.

He is at the foot of the spire. A horizontal ledge, three feet wide, allows him to stand and to walk. He goes around the spire and encircles it tightly with a thick rope fastened by a running knot. Within this rope he passes two others which are hanging and fastened, one to the bird, the other to the pole.

And now he starts. Facing the roof, he has girded his loins with the thick rope, the running knot of which he tightens until it draws him near enough to the roof, and then using his hands and knees, he pushes himself sideways, rising a little at every movement, tracing thus the first turn of the spiral which brings him to the first projecting stone. There he fixes a hook fastened to his breast by a strong leather strap, and, with his two disengaged hands, he unloosens the sliding knot, tightens the thick rope, begins his second revolution, and reaches the second projecting stone.

Forty times during an hour that seemed longer than a century the terrified spectators saw him appear and disappear successively higher, higher and higher, quicker and quicker, the ascension becoming easier as the diameter of the spire decreased.

He thus brought his head on a level with the small circular platform which supports the cross. He was then seen to cross his legs around the point, the narrow diameter of which permitted this movement, and tightening again the belt of thick rope which tied him to the roof, he wiped his forehead with his sleeve, and remained motionless, his head bent forward as if to breathe a little. Then he took from his pocket a flask of brandy, and drank two or three draughts.

It has been often repeated since, that to the brandy must be ascribed the disaster. Did he drink too much or too little of it, how can we know? Who can say to what a degree of exhaustion he had fallen? And if he was frightened?

When we think of the amount of strength and skill he had displayed to reach the height he had attained, may we not think it possible that a man capable of such superhuman courage had, with as much preciseness and prudence as an experienced physician, counted the drops of the salutary but dangerous cordial?

From where he was he could touch easily the foot of the cross. He was seen after some minutes of rest, moving his arms several times around the four iron bars which fix it. He had coiled the rope around it two or three times, and, having attached to that support the hook fastened to his breast, he seized two of the iron bars, let go the support under his feet, and contracting his arms, hoisted himself up so as to kneel on the platform. Then measuring with a glance the height of the cross, he discovered with satisfaction that it was scarcely ten feet, and, as his pole was twelve feet long, he saw that he would require to fasten it but once, which shortened and simplified the last part of the ascent. He stood up, passed the rope around the shaft of the cross to which he fixed his breast hook, seized one of the thinner cords tied to the thick one, and drew up the pole, left until then at the foot of the roof.

This pole, armed at its further extremity with a three-pronged grapnel, had at equal intervals projecting pads of twisted leather and wire. The man hooked the grapnel of the pole to the top of the cross, and in a few minutes, by the help of his breast hook and of the tiler's straps fastened to his knees, climbed up the pole as if it had been a knotted rope, but with this advantage, that the pole, being stiff, maintained, and kept in position by the grapnel, did not swing.

He easily managed to slip sidewise between the bars forming the radius of the cross, which, once the upper part of his body passed, gave support to his arms, and finally enabled him to sit on the summit of the cross, his breast against the pivot of the vane, which rose scarcely two feet above his head.

He fastened himself to this spindle, and, with the help of the second cord, the end of which he held, hoisted up the bird from the outer platform.

At this point of my narrative I cannot help remarking how fantastic death is in its executions. As this unfortunate man had to die, was it not easier to let some tile fall on his head? But no, the grim monster has his whims, and while he rocks some people to everlasting sleep with a mother's tender care, he grants final deliverance to others only at the price of endless pain and trouble. It was written above that this wretched man should pay in a single day for all the suffering from which his humble life had so far preserved him, and that he should exhaust all his strength, all his courage, to climb to the giddy height where death awaited him.

I am not aware that any musician ever thought of nothing but the chorus yelled by a human crowd possessed by the frenzy of enthusiasm, but at last when the man stood upright in the air, bolder than the bold edifice over which he was towering, wild acclamations sprung up with terrible harmony towards the poor wretch who had caused them.

It was his ruin.

Up to this fatal moment his humble heart, his narrow intelligence, could not have entertained the idea that he was in the eyes of the world anything but the bird that passes or the blade of grass on which one treads. And even now, during the progress of this perilous undertaking, the last of which he was about to accomplish, not one of his iron nerves had given way, not one of his fibres had shuddered; he has not once thought either of his danger or of his courage. He said to himself: "The work is hard." His thoughts did not go any further.

But at the burst of the enthusiasm of the multitude below, his eyes, which had never seen the radiance of glory, his ears, which had never heard its formidable voice, opened suddenly to dazzling intoxication. From the height where he saw himself raised, he embraced the skies, he ruled over the earth, and the thousands of men moving and shouting at his feet appeared to him smaller than ants. He who had till then known nothing of humanity but its miseries, he understood greatness, and felt himself arrayed with all its majesty! What could he do, the poor man, against this enthusiasm, the echoes of which whirled around him like a vertigo?

He was seen to bend down, to sit upon the cross, takes the bird on his knees, undo the rags which he had put around it to preserve it from collisions, and taking it with one hand, and with the other holding himself to the pivot, stands up straight. Having bent himself a little, he lifted with his shoulders the remains of the old vane which fell with a crash along the spire, alighting on the roof of the church, and then, taking the bird by its tail he placed it on the pivot designed to receive it. He bent down once more and set it into motion. The crowd saluted with terrific shouts the first rotation of the new weather-cock of the steeple.

The poor wretch had now only to come down. By letting himself slide first along the cross, then along the pole, he would find at the summit of the spire the ropes he had used to pull up the pole and the vane; he had then only to coil a rope around each leg and to let himself slide down, his back conveniently leaning against the roof. In three minutes at the utmost he would have been on the platform.

But those shouts, those shouts of triumph given forth by the crowd, took away the remainder of his reason.

A glow of pride as coarse as himself, as terribly grand as the courage he had just shown, prompted him with the mad desire to surpass, by an act of audacity still more incredible, all he had done until then!

He placed himself astride the bird, and by a violent effort, set it in motion.

At the sight of this frightful act of folly, the crowd was struck dumb and motionless, every heart terrified, every eye distended, staring at the weather-cock turning, turning, turning.

One, two, three, four, five minutes passed. The vane was still revolving.

The man, who at first had saluted with his cap, was now bent forward, clasping with his arms the neck of the bird. He tried to pass one of his legs over the tail of the bird, but whether owing to his presence of mind having already left him, or to the too great height of the obstacle, he did not succeed. He tried again by stretching out his legs to reach the cross, but he moved them vainly in the air. He had probably taken a spring to get astride the bird, for his feet did not find any point of support, and he was seen to cross them under the stomach of the bird.

And then the man sat up erect, stretching out his arms with a gesture of supreme pride.

He remained thus.

And the vane was still turning.

While this vertigo-inspiring scene was going on, the agitation of the crowd was increasing. Looks alone were exchanged, for no one dared to speak. Some women began to make signs of the cross. Finally a piercing scream was heard; a young girl had fallen backwards in a fit. Instantly, as if by electricity, several women swooned; children screamed and cried, and men, wild and distracted, began to run about, screaming without knowing what they were doing or saying.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed. The weather-cock had at last stopped, but, strange and terrible sight, the man continued motionless, his legs crossed and his arms spread out. Somebody suggested that the priest who was still in the vestry room, waiting for the conclusion of the matter, had better be told of what had occurred.

He tried at first to reassure those who spoke to him, but it was with a throbbing heart and a feeling of faintness that he went out to see, with his own eyes, what was going on.

So far, not having witnessed any of the awful scene, he was not so much impressed as the other spectators. The man sat so upright, his position was so distinct and so firm, that one could easily imagine this prolonged posture to be a bravado carried beyond measure. Thus spoke the priest, but, even while speaking, terror crept into his heart, and he sent for the physician, with an entreaty to bring his telescope.

A few minutes later the telescope was pointed at the top of the spire, and the doctor having applied his eye to the instrument, sprang backwards with a scream of horror; hearing which, the priest hastened to look in his turn.

In the black circle of the objective, detached on the light ground of the sky, the man was seen stiff and motionless like a statue, contracted by a frightful rictus, his ashy, pale face was blotted on the cheeks by two large black spots, and the end of his tongue protruded through the open lips, between the clenched teeth; the eyes glaring and fixed, were turned upwards, and of them nothing was visible but the whites, which were congested with blood.

The priest stood there, with his eyes applied to the telescope, as if turned to stone by the horrible sight. But he was a man in whom the inward sentiment of holy duty ruled and strengthened all human weakness. He fell on his knees, and lifting towards heaven his outstretched arms, and his eyes full of tears, he exclaimed, sobbing:

"Merciful God! send Thy servant a divine inspiration to save this Christian!"

A circle had been formed around him, but at a distance, and as if the people were afraid to approach. He glanced at the faces of all these men, who with droping head and bent down eyes, seemed crushed under the frightful weight of fatality. He spoke, wept, entreated in vain; he was compelled to recognise that if even by an impossibility a man could be found to try the ascent of the spire, he would be unable to, give the wretched victim any aid without being, to a certainty, dashed himself into the abyss. On the other hand, a ladder was not to be thought of; there are no ladders 110 feet long. As to the erection of a scaffolding, the materials would have to be obtained from the neighboring town; it would require at least two days, and seven or eight would be necessary to erect it.

When he was at last fully convinced that there was no hope of human assistance, the priest, turning toward the doctor, asked him:

"Does he still live?"

"Perhaps," answered the doctor. "If he has not been struck by apoplexy, or by a syncope, immediately followed by rigor mortis, to remain thus fastened on by his feet, he must be in a cataleptic condition."

"I know what I have to do," said the priest.

And having beckoned to three or four men and the doctor to accompany him, he went to the vestry-room. There, having put on his surplice, alb and stole, he told them that he wished to ascend to the platform in order to send from there to the dying man the absolution in articulo mortis, and asked them to go with to help and assist.

He soon appeared on the balcony of the platform. With his prayer-book in one hand, and with the other giving the blessing, he looked, with his body floating, as it seemed, in the air, and the sides of his surplice blown out by the wind, like an angel with wings spread to fly to heaven.

It was a sublime sight. The crowd kneeled; and while the priest was sending to the expiring creature the last farewell of the Christian, one could hear from below, mingled with the tolling of the bells, a murmur of prayers and sobs.

What more can be said? Towards evening some crows began to turn round and round the steeple, the next day two or three were seen to stop and to peck with their beaks. Soon the vultures arrived, coming from far off from the mountain.

When the news of this horrible event reached the county town, it was decided that a scaffolding should be erected to bring down the body. But after many formalities, the estimate was made, showing that it would cost 10,000 francs! The county was very poor. The affair, as the saying is, was "buried" in the records office.

The weather-cock turns no more, it has lost its shape; it cuts out on the sky some indefinable profiles which change as the blasts of the heavy gales tear away some fragment of the remains that still encumber it.

It turns no more. * * * Whether the dying wretch, in his last paroxysm, has strained it; whether the blood, trickling down under the pecking of the birds of prey, has rusted the pivot, it is said that it will remain thus, until the end of time, as motionless as the stones of the church to which it is made fast.

ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Visitors Who Desire Information of Assorted Kinds.

A Policeman Who is Full of Knowledge and Who Loves to Impart it---"When are the Four Big Cables to Be Taken Down?"

New York Sun.

"I begin to feel very much like a pocket guide book of New York and Brooklyn," said a bridge policeman to a reporter yesterday. "The number of questions asked of me, not only in regard to the bridge, but in regard to the points of interest in the harbor and both cities, is enormous. I have gotten so now I can answer the question asked without looking in the direction indicated. A woman said to me yesterday: 'Is that Governor's island?' 'Yes, ma'am,' said I. 'Is that Staten island?' 'Yes, ma'am.' 'Is that——' 'Yes, ma'am.' 'But you did not hear my question,' said she. 'Madam,' said I, 'you were about to ask whether that is Trinity church steeple.' She did not question me any further."

"Are you required to reply to all the questions put to you?"

"Oh, no. But it pays to be courteous. This morning a man from Connecticut asked if the large cables were hollow and used to carry water from Brooklyn to New York. I assured him they were, because that seemed to be the reply he expected. But as a rule I make replies to the best of my ability and as accurately as I can. People have the funniest notions about the bridge. A few days ago a man asked me when the cables were to be taken down. I told him I hoped not until after 4 o'clock, when I was to go off duty. He had an idea that the cables were used as a sort of scaffolding, to be removed as the bridge was finished."

Just then a short, blink-eyed man, with a tall hat and a strut asked: "Is this the centre of gravity?" pointing to the plates in the middle of the bridge. Being assured that it was, he passed on, apparently satisfied.

"A young girl," said the policeman, "asked me the other day whether the middle of the bridge was about half way across. Nearly every one asking questions goes through the regular list in regard to the size of the cables, their length and weight, the height of the towers, when the cars are going to run, and so on. The machinery that runs the endless cable has been a source of much question asking. The only really absurd question on that subject was asked by a man over here in Brooklyn. He wanted to know whether the cable was used to strengthen the bridge."

"I suppose Engineer Roebling comes in for a share of the interest?"

"Yes, and all sorts of questions are asked about him—how old he is, and how he looks, whether he will ever get well, and how much money he received for the bridge work. But by far the worst was the question of a little thin-faced old woman who spoke through her nose. She wanted to know whether Mr. Roebling lived happily with his wife. Every one wants to know where Col. Roebling lives, and if we did not profess ignorance on this point I don't doubt that he would be overwhelmed."

"Do people betray any nervousness about the strength of the bridge?"

"Not exactly nervousness, but they do strange things that we can only ascribe to their thoughts about the disaster. They take hold of the cables and try to shake them. They jump up and down on the bridge, with the idea that their weight will cause the cables to sway. They ask minute questions about the way the cables are anchored, and whether there is any danger of the anchorage giving way. A man over on the Brooklyn side makes a point of feeling of the foundations every time he goes across, apparently to see if there are indications of their crumbling."

"What sort of people cross the bridge?"

From 7 to 9 in the morning, and from 5 to 7 at night, clerks and business men go to and from their places of business. During the middle of the day, however, at least nine-tenths of those on the bridge are visitors. Last week there were great numbers of Englishmen, and they were very curious. Boston people make me mad. They were always criticising little details about the work, and, whenever they can, making unfavorable comparisons with bridge architecture about Boston. A red-haired man, who said he was from Boston, told me last Thursday where he thought Mr. Roebling had made mistakes in his work. He suggested placing the promenade over the railway. I referred him to Col. Paine.

"There are two or three characters that I have noticed. One old man we call Count. He is tall, with a military bearing, a padded coat, and marches. He is a German, and apparently as poor as a church mouse. He lives in Chatham street, and takes his walk every morning evidently as a constitutional. Every time he passes a policeman he gives a military salute. Then there is a little old woman living in Brooklyn who walks about half way across every morning. She is quite feeble, and leans on a cane. She has not missed a morning yet, and I think she has improved in health. There is a dumb man whom we have to look out for. He works in New York, and once in a while goes home drunk. He gets taken care of by the various policemen.

Speaking about that accident, I think that was one of the best things possible. To be sure, several persons lost their lives by it, but it taught the public a lesson. Very few people stop long at one place, and we seldom have crowds to deal with. Besides this, the bridge is the best guarded place anywhere about here. There are thirty-two policemen on duty all the time. With every one on guard against danger, and so many policemen to protect them, the chances are that such an accident will never happen again. We have the most trouble with excursion parties. Some of the New Jersey roads give excursions to New York, Brooklyn, and the bridge. Of course the excursionists come on to the bridge in a body. Every one is loaded with a square paper box containing lunch, and so uniform are these boxes that you might think the same person put them all up. The excursionists are pretty inquisitive as a rule, and usually they start out by telling where they are from and what they are here for. An old man came on the bridge this morning, and, as nearly as I can find out, he told every officer he met who he was. He said he was chief of the fire department police of a southern city, and showed a badge.

"Do you see that drunken man coming there in tow of a policeman? Well, that is the way we manage those fellows. Just the moment a drunken man strikes the bridge a policeman takes him, walks him to the end of his beat, and passes him over to the next policeman, and so on until he is put out the gates on the other side. I'll have to take this fellow now, so good day."

The wife of the man who called a baby carriage cry-cycle was spending a week with her mother. When the visit is returned he will learn calmar.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC MAN.

The "Topics of the Times" Editor Lets the Tall Stranger Gently Down.

Texas Siftings.

A tall stranger, clothed in the regulation summer uniform of an alpaca coat and Manila hat, pushed his way into the sweatbox of the "Topics of the Times" editor, and immediately commenced to display his conversational wares.

"There is not the least doubt in the world about Texas being a fine state, a splendid state, finest state in the Union," he said briskly. "I'm just dead in love with Texas ain't you?"

"No, I don't think I'm mashed on the state, much," growled the "Topics of the Times" man. He had not yet been able to size up his customer, sound his calibre and his depth, and he know that his only salvation was to suppress him.

"Such a fine large state—so inexhaustible in resources——"

"O, I don't think it is very large," replied the interviewed, wondering whether the man wanted $5 or a dime; "in fact, I believe she's shrinking."

"But, my dear sir, you must acknowledge that the climate is unexcelled, unapproached, and unapproachable."

"How's that for climate?" inquired the "Topics" man, thrusting out his tongue; "coated, isn't it? Coated with three thicknesses of waterproof malaria, bah!" and he twisted uneasily in his chair.

The tall stranger shifted his base of operations.

"But then, sir, think of the peaceful and orderly habits of the citizens. The society of Texas is something to be proud of, sir; something for an example to all civilized nations of the world, don't you think so? You scarcely ever see any drunken men lying around."

"O, yes you do. That's where you are mistaken. I got drunk every day, and last season I killed three men and only escaped hanging by a scratch and the fact that most of the jury were drunk. Society in Texas is down to a mighty low ebb, I tell you for a starter. In some parts of this state men are murdered, or robbed, or lynched almost every day of their lives."

Then the "Topics of the Times" editor wondered why the man didn't broach his business, and if he didn't see what he wanted, call for it.

Again the stranger shifted positions.

"Texas Siftings is a great paper, a wonderful success, phenomenal, sir, perfectly and superlatively phenomenal. Immense circulation, I am told."

"O, I don't know. Siftings hasn't got much of a circulation—a mere few hundred thousand scattered all over the country."

If this break didn't stand the man off, nothing could. And again the "Topics" man wondered whether the fellow would strike him with a position as editor-in-chief or for a square meal.

"Ahem!" continued the enthusiastic party. "Of course your paper expects to be represented at the Louisville exposition?"

"I reckon not."

"Possible! Why the people will be terribly disappointed if you do not have a representative on the ground. I don't do such things very often, but I am willing to see what can be done for you. I havn't the least doubt in the world but that I could work up quite a boom, and it wouldn't cost you a cent. I like and admire the paper so much that I will be glad to do anything to help it along."

Everything was now explained, and the "T. of the T." man felt a great wave of relief surge over him.

He know what was coming,

It came.

"Of course," the tall stranger suggested, you will furnish transportation."

"To where?"

"To Louisville."

"Where's Louisville?"

"Why, where the exposition is going to be held."

"What exposition?"

"The—the exposition at Louisville."

"My friend, you are the thirteenth man who has generously offered, on account of his great admiration for Siftings, to represent us without charge at the Louisville exposition, but each had a mental reservation that took the form of a pass. We furnished twelve of you with passes and meal tickets good anywhere on the route. We want to be represented there, but must draw the line at thirteen. It is an unlucky number."

Then the man

"Went out like one who hath been stunned,
And is of sense bereft,"

while the "Topics" man opened a side drawer in his desk and produced a big 11 o'clock lunch, which he rapidly went through like a hired man cutting underbrush.

How to Carve Quail.

Bill Nye.

I began my education in this line by carving butter in hot weather, and gradually led up to the quail on toast. In carving the quail, first mortgage your home and get the quail. The quail should be cooked before carving, but not until the chronometer balance and other organs have been removed. Place your quail on the toast in a sitting position, then, passing the dissecting knife down between the shoulder-blades, dissect the peloncles. Another method is to take the quail by the hind leg and eat it, asking the guests to do the same. This breaks up the feeling of stiffness that is apt to prevail at a formal dinner party, and while each one has his or her nose immersed in quail gore feeling cannot fail to show its end.

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A Grist Mill, Woolen Mill and Saw Mill, two dwellings and land in Milton, Mahoning county, for 10,000.
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A 65¼ acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county for 80 per acre.
A 32 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 3,600.
A house barn and 1 acre of land in Paris, Portage county, for 700.
A house, barn and 1 acre of land in Southington, Trumbull county, for 300.
A house, barn and 5 acres of land in Southington, Trumbull county, for 1,000.
102 acres at 58 per acre in Windham.
A 22 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 2,500.
54 acres for 4,000.
A 98 acre farm in Paris, Portage county, for 67 per acre.
A 20 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 1,700.
A 9 acre farm with steam saw mill in Newton, Trumbull county, for 2,500.
An 85 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
A 30¾ acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 2,500.
A 108 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
A 125 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 80 per acre.
A 25 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 1,600.
A 15 acre farm with saw mill, cider mill and shingle machine in Nelson, Portage county, for 2,500.
A 75 acre farm in Paris, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
A 200 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 65 per acre.
A house and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 1,000.
A 50 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 65 per acre.
A 35 acre farm in Southington, Trumbull county, for 50 per acre.
A house and lot in Berlin, Mahoning co for 1,000.
A 90 acre farm in Edinburg, Portage co or 45 per acre.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Tru county, for 800.
Nine acre farm in Braceville, Trum county, for 900.
181 acre farm in Windham, Portage co for 60 per acre.
112½ acre farm in Windham, Portage co for 65 per acre.
42 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull co for 2,250.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Trum county, for 1,800.
128 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull ty, for 40 per acre.
75 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull co for 75 per acre.
80 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county 1,000.
243 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull ty, for 45 per acre.
113 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull co for 75 per acre.
78 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull co for 50 per acre.
Fine hotel property in West Farmin Trumbull county, for 3,000.
59 1-2 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull ty, for 2,000.
80 acre farm in Newton Trumbull county 1,600.
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48 acre farm in Windham, Trumbull co for 1,600.
44 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull co for 65 per acre.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Tru county, for 2 200.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Tru county, for 700.
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We have also city property in Cleveland for exchange for property in this vicinity.

Free conveyance to any of the property we have for sale. Parties at a distance coming to this vicinity to purchase farms, should let us know two or three days in advance, if convenient, so we can be sure and meet them.

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OHIO PEOPLE.

Our first feelings after having been relieved from great trouble, or raised from severe sickness, are great thankfulness and deep gratitude, and we are filled with an earnest desire that all who are suffering from the same causes which afflicted us should be informed of the saving grace of healing power that raised us. But the fear of exposing our weakness and the natural delicacy and dislike of mentioning certain subjects often prevents the good news from spreading and reaching those who would be greatly benefited if they only knew what relieved us

The persons who suffered year after year and who found no relief till Hunt's Remedy was used, are well-known, and whose word is good. There have been many remarkable and radical cures, and the following are a few of the thousands who have been cured:

This statement was made by Mr. C. M. Gilmore, 637 St. Clair st. cor. Cleveland, O., June 21, 1883: "I have been troubled for a number of years with a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, with severe pains in the back and sides. The inflamation was very painful, and the doctor said he would have to lance me in the groin, but I objected. I tried many medicines that were recommended for kidney troubles, but none seemed to reach my case. I finally commenced the use of Hunt's Remedy as it had been used by many here in Cleveland with wonderful success. I commenced using it according to directions, and in a few days began to improve; and after using four (4) bottles I found that the inflammation had all gone; my water was natural, and no pains in the back, and I felt strong and vigorous; could rest well and had a good appetite, and I can say that it has cured me, and I give you this testimonial freely. I have recommended it to others here in Cleveland, who have used Hunt's Remedy with most wonderful success for the cure of kidney, liver and urinary diseases."

Under date of June 23, 1883, Mr. William, Jones, marine engineer, No. 253 Hanover st Cleveland, Ohio, makes this remarkable statement; "I have been troubled for over fifteen years with a weakness of the kidneys. I at first did not know what the trouble was with me. I continued to grow worse, and my complaint was treated by several of our physicians here in Cleveland. I rapidly lost strength and vitality; my water was unnatural and highly colored, with a good deal of pain in urinating; at times scanty, and again I passed a good deal in quantity and as often as fifteen or twenty minutes during the night, and my appetite was very poor. I tried almost all the known medicines, and none seemed to hit my case; and I continued to suffer with severe pains in the back and limbs to such an extent that I began to get discouraged. Fearing that my disease would terminate in Bright's disease, I really felt alarmed, and made up my mind that I must have some help for it. I was looking over our paper one day and noticed an advertisement of some remarkable cures that Hunt's Remedy had made of cases of kidney, liver, bladder, and urinary diseases, and concluded that I would make one more trial although I will admit with little or no faith. I purchased a bottle at Ranny & Ackers' drug store here in Cleveland, and commenced using it according to directions, and I had not used one-half of the bottle before I commenced to improve in many ways; to gain strength and vitality, and before I had used two bottles the pains in my back and limbs had all gone, and my water was more natural, and no brick-dust deposit as before. My appetite is good, and I feel a renewed vigor, and can attend to my work every day, and thanks to Hunt's Remedy, for it has done wonders for me. I have for quite a time been contemplating visiting you and letting you know how much your valuable remedy had done for me, as I felt it a duty that I owed to you and to the public; and you are at liberty to use this letter that they may know that Hunt's Remedy is just as represented."

Capt. George Blackman, with the Union Steamboat Co., 37 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., June 19, 1883, says: "Having been troubled for a number of years with a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, I used a number of medicines for the complaint, but they did not seem to do me any good. I was reading a notice of Hunt's Remedy, of its wonderful success, and I got a bottle at Stevens' drug store, used it according to directions, and I found a great benefit from it. I have only used two bottles, and I can truely say that it is all it is reccommended for kidney liver, and bladder affections, and I can reccommend it to the public as such.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

[Election, October 9, 1883.]

For Governor,
JOSEPH B. FORAKER,
Of Hamilton.

For Lieutenant Governor,
WILLIAM G. ROSE,
Of Cuyahoga.

For Supreme Judge,
(Term ending February 9, 1887.)
WILLIAM H. UPSON,
Of Summit.

(Term ending February 9, 1889.)
JOHN H. DOYLE,
Of Lucas.

For Clerk of Supreme Court,
DWIGHT CROWELL,
Of Ashtabula.

For Attorney General,
M. B. EARNHART,
Of Miami.

For Auditor of State,
JOHN F. OGLEVEE,
Of Clarke.

For Treasurer of State,
JOHN C. BROWN,
Of Jefferson.

For State Commissioner of Common Schools,
DANIEL F. DEWOLFE,
Of Lucas.

For Member Board of Public Works,
LEO WELTZ,
Of Clinton.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET

Representative,
JOSEPH LOVE.

Auditor,
THOMAS H. GLOVER.

Treasurer,
W. H. CRAWFORD.

Sheriff,
F. W. COCHRAN.

Commissioner,
G. W. COOPER.

Infirmary Director—Short Term,
R. A. GIVEN.

Infirmary Director—Long Term,
J. A. HANDLES.

AN OLD MAN'S BELIEF.

Have used Parker's Ginger Tonic for my bad cough and hemorrhage I had twenty-five years I feel like another man since I used it. Am 66 years past. Believe it sure to cure younger persons. A. Orner, Highspire, Pa.

Ohio Crop Report for October, 1883.

The October Crop Report of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, based on returns from about 600 township correspondents, will give the following results of actual threshing, and the following estimates:

WHEAT.—Acres threshed to date, 606,222; bushels produced from the same, 6,060,419; total for the State at the same rate, 25,508,396, against 45,450,000 last year; rate per acre on acreage sown, 9 3; rate on acreage harvested, 10.0.

OATS.—Acres threshed to date, 135,104; bushels produced from same, 4,412,035; yield per acre, 32.6; total for the State at the same rate, 27,214,066 bushels, against 19,956,000 last year.

CORN.—Condition compared with October 1, 1882, 76 per cent.; damage done by frost, 26 per cent.; probable total about 68,000,000 bushels against 90,869,000 last year. The damage by frost was very severe in the northern half of the State, and light in the southern half.

The condition of the following crops is in comparison with a full average crop or condition, represented by 100 per cent:

Potatoes, 102; sweet potatoes, 77; tobacco, 74; sorghum, 72; clover seed, 78; apples, 24; grapes, 54.

Last month potatoes were given at 112. The drought has injured late potatoes, and reduced the general average condition to 102.

The estimates on wheat and oats are the final one for the year. They are based on actual returns from the threshing machines, of a large amount of threshing, and are as accurate as it is possible to make them. The assessors' return next year will probably place both crops about five per cent. lower than our estimates.

No further crop report will be made this year, except the final one, December 1st, giving the final estimates on corn and potatoes and on the condition of winter grain and farm animals on going into winter quarters.

W. I. CHAMBERLAIN.

WANTED!

Everybody to know that I have bought the Shoe Shop of J. S. Stockman, and will continue (in the same room, No 547 Main street) the manufacture of

BOOTS & SHOES,

And I ask a share of the public patronage. I will make a specialty of fitting up lasts and keeping them for all customers with bunions, corns, or any other deformity of the feet, always insuring them a comfortable fit.

REPAIRING

Neatly and substantially done. Please give me a call and I will do you good.

W. T. MEANS.

Oct6 3m

THE
CEO. WOODS'
Pianos & Organs

Are the finest in TONE,
Are the finest in Design,
Are the finest in Workmanship.

SEND for CATALOGUE WITH MUSIC FREE

Geo. Woods' Company,

608 Washington St. Boston, Mass.



B Is the Bull Dog, chewers say,
Is the best of all brands to-day;
The best, in fact, way ever known—
The choicest chew that can be shown.

U Is the universal praise
The Bull Dog gets in many ways.
Unequaled, Unexcelled it stands,
The choicest far of all the brands.

L Is the Lubber without mind,
Who buys the cheapest he can find;
What's good or bad he cannot say,
His sense of taste is all astray.

L Is a lover of the best,
Who for the Bull Dog makes request;
He finds as men of taste all do,
It has no equal as a chew.

D Is the Dealer, who is wise,
Who keeps the best the trade supplies;
He keeps what best of trade demand,
The Bull Dog, "Finest in the land."

O Are the Orders which do tell
That Bull Dog suits the people well;
That thousands want the best that's out,
Which Bull Dog is without a doubt.

G Is the Glucose, Grit and Grease
Which help to make the biggest piece,
Which men of taste can not endure,
But buy the Bull Dog always pure.

Legal Notice.

George Waggoner, John Waggoner, Junior, and Catherine Waggoner, (married name unknown) who reside at Chancey, Lawrence county, Illinois, Mary A. Stockman residing at Richland, Keokuk county, Iowa, John Waggoner, Senior, residing at Oskaloosa, Mahaska county, Iowa, and Daniel Waggoner, whose residence is unknown, will take notice that on the 1st day of September, A. D., 1883, Sarah Waggoner filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas, Coshocton county, Ohio, against the above named parties and others, praying for the assignment of dower to plaintiff, as widow of David Waggoner, deceased, in the following described premises to-wit:

Situate in the township of Tuscarawas, county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and known as being a part of lot numbered ten lying south of the Cadiz road, running through said lot No. 10, excepting from said part about four acres thereof sold off the east end of said tract, and being and remaining of said lot No. 10 about thirty-one acres, more or less. Also, all of lot No. fifteen, excepting the lands now owned by William G. Hay and the heirs of James Hay, deceased; also excepting fifteen fifty acres sold off the east side of said lot No. 15 by David Waggoner, deceased, to one John Stuckum, and remaining of said lot 15 about one hundred and twenty-two acres, more or less.

Also, the following premises situate in said township, county and State, and described as being the south half of lot number thirteen, excepting therefrom lands conveyed by said David Waggoner, deceased, to J. J. Brower, Joseph Smith and Emily Brown, and remaining and owned by said deceased one hundred and twelve acres, more or less.

Also, lots ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five and ninety-six in Bickets addition to the town of Coshocton, Ohio, as the same is marked and delineated on the plat of said town.

Said parties are required to answer on or before the 27th day of October, A. D., 1883, at which time an order to assign dower as prayed for in the petition will be taken.

SARAH WAGGONER,
J. M. Compton, Att'y, for Plaintiff.
Sept 6t

SELBY, MOORE & CATON'S

Letter to the People of Coshocton County.

We want to tell you about our new fall goods. They are coming in this week by the car load. We expected to open them up in our new store room in the Forbes Block, but the room is not quite ready, and we are crowding them in our old quarters.

When you come to Coshocton during the Fair, or any other time, we want you to come and see what nice good Goods we can give you for a little money. Remember, it is money we pay right down for all these Goods, and sell them for the money only. That is one of the principle reasons we are selling Goods cheaper than any other store in Coshocton county. There is no other store that we know of that sells goods strictly for cash as we do.

Another of the principle reasons we are selling Goods cheaper than any one else is because we are selling such large quantities of them.

You see $100,000 sold at 5 per cent. profit, which is very little profit, makes $5,000. Most merchants sell ten to twenty thousand in a year, and you see have to sell at 25 to 50 per cent. profit to make the same. You see what you save by buying your goods of us.

We want you to see our new Ladies wraps, we have the colored and black Jackets, Coats, Heavy Jerseys, Ruslan Circulars, Dolmans, &c., in Silk, Satin and Diagonal goods. Our coats for children are also very nice and cheap.

We ask especial attention to our new cloth Dress Goods, Flannels, Blankets, Yarns, &c. Also our new Carpets, Rugs, &c. We still have some old goods to close out cheap before moving. Come and see us often.

Very Resp'y.,
SELBY, MOORE & CATON.
Schaick's Block.

1883.

Fall and Winter.

Our Stock of Fall and Winter

BOOTS and SHOES.

Is now complete. We have been so busy for the last four weeks receiving and arranging our goods, and getting them ready to show to our many customers, who are daily thronging our rooms, that we have not had time to tell the people anything about what we were doing.

Having purchased very largely of several of the

Best Manufactories

The country can afford, we are prepared to compete with any prices and show you the best goods ever sold in the county. We have exclusive sale of the

Celebrated Brewster Boots

In Ladies and Misses Line of Shoes,

Byrnes & Goodger & Naylor's,
Of Rochester, N. Y.

Full Line of

Rubber Goods,

Latest Styles in

Hats & Caps,

All cheap for cash.

WRIGHT & STANFORD,

TRIPLETT BLOCK, Main Street, Coshocton, Ohio.

GREAT BARGAINS
FOR FAIR WEEK.

We have a large display of MILLINERY, NOTIONS AND LACE GOODS, NECKWEAR AND JEWELRY, just bought at very lowest Cash prices, and can save our customers 20 per cent. on all goods.

DUNCAN & EGBERT.

Nervousness.

The moment there is danger of impairment of the mind from excessive nervous exhaustion, or where there exists forebodings of evil, a desire for solitude, shunning and avoiding company, vertigo and nervous debility, or when insanity has already taken place, PERUNA should be implicitly relied on. But it is never well to wait so long before treatment is commenced. The early symptoms are loss of strength, soitness of the muscles, dim or weak sight, peculiar expressions of the face and eyes, coated tongue, with impaired digestion; or in others certain powers only are lost, while they are otherwise enjoying comparatively good health. In all these PERUNA should at once be taken.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon a Female Remedy is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Will cure female diseases. All ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration falling and displacement of bearing down feeling, irregularities, barrenness, change of life, leucorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like headache, bloating, spinal weakness, sleeplessness, nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price $1.00 and $1.50 per Bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for Pamphlet, free. For Sale by L. E. Anderson.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

WEST BEDFORD,
Coshocton County, Ohio.

Investments profitably and safely made, first mortgage. All real estate advantageously handled, largely advertised. Arrangements have been made with reliable parties in Indiana, Missouri, Kansas and other States for information and sale of Western land.

SOME FARMS FOR SALE.

No. 19. 240 acres—a good stock and grain farm, comparatively level for upland; living water; under good cultivation; one-half mile from village; choice orchard fruits, good house, stable and sheep barns; State road. In all respects easy of acces. Cause of offering, owner afflicted. Price, $50; good time.

No. 21. 176 acres—Level, second bottom, clay loam and walnut soil, all under fence; about 6 acres timber; nearly all in good sod; public road bordering it. South boundary, side track of P. C. & St. L. R. R. at way station; two and one-half miles from town of 1500 inhabitants, excellent market; nursery of 1200 peach trees; comfortable houses and out buildings; easily divided in two lots. No better farm in township; price $60 per acre, if sold soon, on good payments.

No. 22. 140 acres—An excellent hill farm; joins village containing stores, good school and two churches; $1800 house; good barn; well watered; no better sheep farm in township; young orchard; good timber; easy of access. Price, $60 per acre, $2,000 cash, extra good time.

Two 20 acre lots, three 40 acre lots, good locations and good fixtures. Price, from $40 to 65, according to improvements.

TOWN.

No. 9. Two lots, brick house, all necessary convenience thereto, in a thriving village, stores, shops, tri-weekly mail. A good point for a harness shop. Price, $1,000.

No. 10. A town lot, two story frame house and one and one-half acres land. First-class for shoemaker, $700.

No. 19. Store property, one and one-half acres land, story and a half house of 7 rooms, with store room, well, cistern and stable, in village 5 miles from P. C. & St. L. R. R. station. Price, $1800 in thirds. Also, store goods in same, invoice $2000, average monthly sales, $600, stock profitably increased, sell or trade the whole for small tract of land.

FOREIGN.

100 farms in Daviess county, Indiana. Price $30 to 35. Satisfactory information furnished 160 acres in Wright county, Iowa, 100 acres broke, 50 acres pasture, fenced; young orchard; three and one-half miles from a town of 1500 inhabitants. Owner, a young man, lived on it for several years, now engaged in business. Price, $25 per acre.

100,000 acres of unimproved land. Price from $1.25 to $10 per acre.

100 farms from 40 to 1,000 acres. Price from $15 to $30 per acre.

References given, a liberal patronage solicited. S. M. MOORE.

Aug.18-6m.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.)

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

Schedule taking effect Jan. 14, 1883.

Trains depart from and arrive at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot, at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Express	*1:22 a. m.	*2:15 a. m.
Express	*3:47 a. m.	*2:47 a. m.
Accommodation	†6:05 a. m.	†7:36 p. m.
Express	*1:10 p. m.	*11:10 a. m
Express	*5:53 p. m.	*2:40 p. m

GOING EAST.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Express	*2:10 a. m.	*1:22 a. m.
Express	*2:46 a. m.	*3:47 a. m.
Express	*10:36 a. m.	*1:10 p. m.
Express	*2:50 p. m.	*1:53 p. m.
Accommodation	†7:36 p. m.	†6:45 a. m.

*Every day. †Except Sunday.

Local Freight going West leaves at 9:15 a m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Columbus. Going East leaves at 1:10 p. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Dennison.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Columbus time.

JAS. McCREA, Manag Columbus, O.
E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt Pittsburgh, Pa.

SHERIFF'S PROCLAMATION!

October Election, 1883.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9th.

WHEREAS, by the laws of Ohio, regulating elections, it is required of the Sheriff of this county to give notice before the time of holding a general election, by proclamation throughout the county, of the time at which such election shall be holden:

In pursuance of such requisition, I, A. J. MILLER, Sheriff of Coshocton county, Ohio, do hereby proclaim and make known that the

Second Tuesday, being the 9th Day, of October, 1883,

Is by the Constitution and Laws of Ohio, appointed the day on which the qualified electors of the said Coshocton county, Ohio, shall meet in their respective townships, at their usual or proper place of holding elections, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m., and proceed to ballot for

STATE OFFICERS.

One person for Governor of the State of Ohio.

One person for Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Ohio.

One person for Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio—short term.

One person for Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio—long term.

One person for Clerk of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio.

One person for Attorney-General of the State of Ohio.

One person for Auditor of State for the State of Ohio.

One person for Treasurer of State for the State of Ohio.

One person for School Commissioner of the State of Ohio.

One person for member of the Board of Public Works of the State of Ohio.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

One person for State Senator for the 18th and 19th Districts, composed of the counties of Coshocton, Tuscarawas, Guernsey, Monroe, and a part of Noble.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

One person for Representative for the county of Coshocton.

One person for Auditor for the county of Coshocton.

One person for Treasurer for the county of Coshocton.

One person for Sheriff for the county of Coshocton.

One person for Commissioner for the county of Coshocton.

One person for Infirmary Director for the county of Coshocton—short term.

One person for Infirmary Director—full term.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

The electors of said county are further notified that three Amendments to the Constitution of the State are submitted to their ratification or rejection.

HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION NO 78.

JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to article four o the constitution of the State.

SECTION 1. *Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio,* (three-fifths of the members elected to each house agreeing thereto), That a proposition to amend the constitution of the State of Ohio be, and the same is hereby submitted to the electors of the State at the election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1883, as follows:

That sections one, two and six of article four, entitled "Judicial" be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 1. The judicial power of the State is vested in a supreme court, circuit courts courts of common pleas, courts of probate, justices of the peace, and such other courts inferior to the supreme court, as the general assembly may from time to time establish.

Section 2. The supreme court shall, until otherwise provided by law, consist of five judges, a majority of whom competent to sit shall be necessary to form a quorum or to pronounce a decision, except as hereinafter provided. It shall have original jurisdiction in *quo warranto, mandamus, habeas corpus* and *procendendo*, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. It shall hold at least one term in each year at the seat of government, and such other terms, there or elsewhere, as may be provided by law. The judges of the supreme court shall be elected by the electors of the State at large, for such term, not less than five years, as the general assembly may prescribe, and they shall be elected and their official term shall begin at such time as may be fixed by law. In case the general assembly shall increase the number of such judges, the first term of each of such additional judges shall be such, that in each year after their first election, an equal number of judges of the supreme court shall be elected, except in elections to fill vacancies; and whenever the number of such judges shall be increased, the general assembly may authorize such court to organize divisions thereof, not exceeding three, each division to consist of an equal number of judges; for the adjudication of cases, a majority of each division shall constitute a quorum, and such an assignment of the cases to each division may be made as such court may deem expedient, but whenever all the judges, of either division, hearing a case shall not concur as to the judgment to be rendered therein, or whenever a case shall involve the constitutionality of an act of the general assembly or of an act of congress, it shall be reserved to the whole court for adjudication. The judges of the supreme court in office, when this amendment takes effect, shall continue to hold their offices until their successors are elected and qualified.

Section 6. The circuit courts shall have like original jurisdiction with the supreme court, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. Such courts shall be composed of such number of judges as may be provided by law, and shall be held in each county, at least once in each year. The number of circuits, and the boundaries thereof, shall be prescribed by law. Such judges shall be elected in each circuit by the electors thereof, and at such time and for such term as may be prescribed by law, and the same number shall be elected in each circuit. Each judge shall be competent to exercise his judicial powers in any circuit. The general assembly may change, from time to time, the number or boundaries of the circuits. The circuit courts shall be the successors of the district courts, and all cases, judgments, records, and proceedings pending in said district courts in the several counties of any district, shall be transferred to the circuit courts in the several counties, and be proceeded in as though said district courts had not been abolished, and the district courts shall continue in existence until the election and qualification of the judges of the circuit courts.

And be it further resolved, that at said election, the voters desiring to vote in favor of said amendment, shall have placed upon their ballots, the words, "Judicial constitutional amendment, yes," and the voters who do not favor the adoption of said amendment, may place on their ballots the words, "Judicial constitutional amendment, no;" and if a majority of all the votes passed (cast) at said election shall be in favor of said amendment, then said sections one, two and six herein set forth, shall be and constitute the sections so amended in said judicial article (four) of the constitution of the State of Ohio, and said original sections one, two and six, and also sections five and eleven of said article, shall be repealed and annulled.

J. N. HATHAWAY,
Speaker pro tem. of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted March 30, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO.
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 30th day of March, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1883.

JAMES W. NEWMAN,
[SEAL.] Secretary of State.
April 7, 6 mon.

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 80.
JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing Amendments to the Constitution.

Be it Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That, at the general election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, 1883, there shall be submitted to the electors for their approval or rejection two propositions to amend the constitution of the State, as follows:

FIRST PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The general assembly shall regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors so as to provide against evils resulting therefrom; and its power to levy taxes or assessments thereon is not limited by any provision of this constitution."

SECOND PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The manufacture of and the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are forever prohibited; and the general assembly shall provide by law for the enforcement of this provision."

The electors voting in favor of the said first proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic—Yes;" and those voting in favor of the said second proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Prohibition of intoxicating liquors—Yes."

If either of the said two propositions be thus approved by a majority of the electors voting at the said election, then the amendment therein proposed shall constitute a separate section of article fifteen of the constitution.

O. J. HODGE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted April 4, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO.
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883.

JAMES W. NEWMAN,
[SEAL.] Secretary of State.

To Township Trustees:

And notice is hereby given to the Trustees or Judges of Election in the several townships of said Coshocton county, that the following number and the names of the persons are to be returned by them for their respective townships, to the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, to serve as

GRAND JURORS AND PETIT JURORS,

For the ensuing year, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided.

Adams township	9
Bethlehem	6
Bedford	8
Crawford	11
Clark	6
Franklin	7
Jackson	14
Jefferson	10
Keene	8
Linton	13
Lafayette	8
Monroe	9
Mill Creek	7
New Castle	7
Oxford	7
Perry	6
Pike	5
Tuscarawas	35
Tiverton	6
Virginia	6
White Eyes	6
Washington	6
Total	200

The Trustees of the several townships are required to give the full name of each Juror returned.

Given under my hand officially, as Sheriff of said county of Coshocton and State of Ohio, at Coshocton, this twelfth day of September, A. D. 1883.

A. J. MILLER,
Sheriff of Coshocton Co., O.
Coshocton, O., Sept. 15, 1883.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Billy Cripps' Good Luck.

Ed. Mott in New York Sun.

"Looks to me 'zif we mowt be gointer hev a leetle spell o' weather," said the Old Settler, as he entered the Crissman house and stood his dripping umbrella in a corner, where it at once begins to shed little rills of water, which soon collected in a large and not remarkably pellucid pool on the floor. Frank, the landlord, entered. He eyed the umbrella savagely for a moment, and then grabbed it and rammed it in the woodbox.

Many hot words would doubtless have passed between the landlord and the Old Settler, and there might have been a scene, but just then Uncle Ira called Frank and told him there was a man outside with a balky horse that he wanted to sell at a bargain, and he hurried out to look it over.

"Bimeby," said the Old Settler to the boys, "bimeby, when a feller comes yer on a rainy day he'll hef to hang his umb'rel outside on the sign post, or else carry a tub 'long with hisself to let it drip in. Ever sence Frank took to keepin' city boarders, b'gosh, he's ben a sp'ilin'. 'Fore long we'll hef to set on a wagon tongue out in the barn. This bar-room's a gittin' too durn high-toned fur us."

Then, returning to the weather topic, the Old Settler continued:

"Streaks o' wet weather mos' allus fetches bad luck, but I never see a wet season sech ez this un 's ben but I think o' the bully luck that Billy Cripps tumbled into in the fall o' '36. That is, he was Billy Cripps then, but he's old Squire Cripps now, o' Peenpack. Ef it hadn't a-ben fur the all-fired big apple crop in '36, an fur the spell o' wet weather they hed the same time, 'tain't likely he'd a ben any better fixed than the rest of us.

"Uncle John Billduck had a farm down in Jersey. 'Twasn't none o' yer punkin farms, nuther. Durned if I don't b'lieve the apples they raised on that farm of a season would a bought the hull o' Lackawack. Billy Cripps was a likely young feller, an' lived a mile or so from Uncle Jonas's. He wanted to marry Jonas's darter Jemime, but the ole man didn't like the notion, though he hadn't nothin' agin Billy 'cept that he wasn't rollin' very much in wealthy. Billy usoty work consid'able for Jonas, and Jemime liked him. Ev'ry chance he'd git he'd try to worry her dad inter consentin' to the match, but Jonas alluz kep' a sayin', b'gosh, that he couldn't see it.

"Wall, in '36 the apple crop was immense. Folks didn't know what to do with it. They ground 'em inter cider, and made 'em inter whiskey, an' give 'em away, an' fed 'em to the cattle, but still they was more apples than they was leaves on the trees. Uncle Jonas he'd more'n his sheer, like the rest on 'em. One day a smart neighbor o' his'n got an idee. He didn't have no farm nor no apples, but he had this idee. He come to Jonas an' argied that mos' likely the chances was, b'gosh, that nex' year the apple crop'd be a dead failur', an' that nat'rally they'd be a big call for dried apples.

"'Now, Uncle Jonas,' says he, 'we'll jist kinder go pardners like, an' peel an' dry a snortin' ole pile o' apples this fall, lay 'em over, an' ketch the market heavy when it gets a hankerin' fur sech goods nex' fall.'

"The idee struck Uncle Jonas, an' he sot the hull family to peelin' apples, an' 'twa'n't long 'fore the had four or five hundred bushel o' dried apples on hand. Uncle Jonas's house wa'n't a very large un, an' it stood 'bout fifty feet from the line o' a pastur' lot b'longin' to Hoppy Dusenberry. Not mor'n a hundred feet from one side o' the house, whar they was only one winder, and that was up stairs, they was quite a steep knoll, an' at the foot o' this Jonas hed built a high wall. The groun' twixt that an' the house was stony, an' wa'n't used fur anything, so Jonas concluded to spread his dried apples on boards twixt the house and the wall. He built a roof over 'em, an' thar he had 'em stowed snug enough.

"Wall, that fall Billy Cripps was pesterin' the old man more'n ever to let up an' give him Jemime. One day Jonas got mad.

"'See, yer, Billy,' says he. 'I'm a gittin durn tired o' this. They ain't no use. You'm jist ez likely to get Jemime ez I am to be a livin' over thar in Hoppy Dusenberry's pastur! Now, the fus' fine mornin' you come 'long this way an' find me a livin' over thar, jist walk in tell me, an' then you kin walk off with Jemime.

"Ez ma dez be were, Jonas had to laugh to think o' the joke o' the thing. Billy he toddled off, an' made up his mind that him and Jemime couldn't never hitch.

"The season had been wet all through the summer, an' was keepin' it up. One night, jist arter Jonas had give Billy Cripps his last walkin' papers, there come up an ole tearer of a rain—one o' them warm fellers that soaks right in. They was a rippin' wind come 'long with it. I reckomember 'twere on Saturday night, fur Uncle Jonas's family alluz took a rest Sunday mornin's, not gittin' up 'fore half-pas' six or seven. That Sunday mornin', though, they come a rap at the door 'fore six o'clock. Jonas got up an, dressed hisself, an' went down. Thar was Billy Cripps.

"'Mornin', Uncle Jonas,' says he.

"'Mornin',' says Uncle Jonas. 'What in the name o' the grizzly king be you doin' yer this time o' day.'

"'Wall," says Billy, 'I were jist goin' by, an' seein' as you'd moved over inter Hoppy Dusenberry's pastur lot, I thort I'd drop in an' walk off with Jemime, jest ez you tole me to,' says he.

"Sure ez guns, thar were Jones's house standin' plumb over the line onter Hoppy's pastur lot. You see the high wind o' the night afore hed lifted the roof off'n Jonas's dried-apple shed. The warm rain had pelted in on 'em, and soaked inter 'em through an' through. Wall, you know dried apples. They jist begun to swell an' swell. They couldn't push the wall down, but sumpin' had to give. That sumpin' were the house. Ez them five hundred bushels o' apples kep' a doublin' theirsolf in size, they jist quietly pushed that house along, b'gosh, never wakin' a mortal up in it, till they landed it safe an' sound over on Hoppy Dusenberry's pastur lot. Wall, o' course Jonas couldn't go back on his word, an' Billy got the gal. But the dried apples was sp'ilt."

And the Old Settler took his umbrella out of the woodbox and went home beaming.

The Causes of Blushing.

Letter in New York Sun.

I read in the The Sun to-day some interesting observations on the philosophy of blushing. Being myself possessed of a chronic tendency to blush, I do not believe the cure can be found in physiology. A lady in the Duke of Savoy's court offered Biarus all her wealth to be cured of it. Jobertus commends friction of the body, refrigerating of the face, and washing of the feet." Physicians cannot subdue this common grievance. It is a psychological phenomenon. "It is the result," says Mackenzie, "of a consciousness which the most delicate feelings produce and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove." Pompey hardly ever spoke in public without a blush; Sylla always reddened when angry. Seneca, that divine stoic, in one of the epistles, says it is a natural infirmity, and not all the resolution in the world can master it. Involuntary emotions are insuperable and inevitable. Comedians will represent bashfulness by humble looks, soft speech, and downcast eyes, yet cannot blush; "for it is a thing," says Mackenzie, "neither to be commanded nor hindred; but it comes and goes of its own accord.

A Novel Fire Escape.

Popular Science News.

The last invention for the protection of theatre audiences is a "penetrable safety wall," which has just been patented by an engineer at Kottabus, Germany. The plan is to make the interior walls in all parts of the theatre of papier mache, made after a certain method. Such a wall will have the appearance of massive stone, but by pressure upon certain parts, where the words are to be painted in luminous letters, "To be broken open in case of fire," access to the exterior corridors is to be obtained, whence escape to the outer air can be made.

OFF FOR A HOLIDAY

Hundreds of Poor Children Carried to Lands of Milk and Honey, Fresh Air and Sunshine.

New York Tribune.

"Who's all de kids, Chimmie?" asked an evil-looking shoe black at the foot of Christopher street, yesterday of an equally graceless acquaintance "Dunno. Guess it's a 'scursion by de looks of 'em." Certainly there was a holiday and excursion-like air about the crowds of youngsters decked in their "best" clothes, which in most cases were thread bare enough, but in all scrupulously clean. Three hundred and ninety-three children had been brought by the missionaries and ladies who devote themselves to caring for the poor, to embark on a special steamer and be conveyed to the pure invigorating air of the lake region. There were two distinct parties, one of them, numbering some sixty, being destined for Westgrant lake. The other party numbered 334 in all, their destination being Au Sable, which takes 212, Peru, which takes 75, Val cour 13, Salmon River 14, and Ferona, which takes 20.

The boat was to have started at 4 p. m., but by that time a mere handful only of the urchins was on board. Batch after batch, however, straggled in attended by the ladies who had gathered them together here and there, or by a parent and a tearful brother or sister, the tears being due to envy as much as bereavement. On the deck all were bustle and confusion. Camp stools were at a premium for some time, but a hidden supply, discovered on the lower floor, was exultantly seized and dragged to the light of day and comfort of the children, who were soon bivouacking all about the hurricane deck. Most of them, besides the bundle containing their baggage, which is always clutched with feverish determination and never lost sight of for a moment, carried subsidiary packages in which was stowed away solid refreshments of a heterogeneous character. Bananas seemed chiefly in supply, while one young Teuton was seen fortifying his inner man with a gigantic sausage, which was disappearing with phenomenal and almost alarming rapidity. If there was a bustling on board the steamer there was confusion worse confounded on the pier. The checking off of nearly four hundred children split up into numberless small parties and arriving wild with excitement every minute was no easy matter, and it involved the necessity of much explanatory shouting and pushing into position of diminutive bodies. By degrees the energetic manager got things straightened out somewhat. Some of the parties that were expected did not arrive, but the missionaries had in several cases brought down a reserve to fill up in case of vacancies and so the full list was made up, those of the reserve forces who were left on the pier melting into tears. Five o'clock was close at hand when the last party of seven came in with a rush and were passed like magic over the gang-plank, two little toddlers who had been nearly left behind and whose cheeks were wet with briny tears were lifted on board after the gang-plank was withdrawn, the whistle sounded, the paddles revolved in that indecisive fashion peculiar to a starting vessel, a thin and wiry cheer arose from those of the children who could spare the time from their bananas and cookies, and the boat steamed out into the Hudson.

It is noticeable that on all those excursions the children, poor as they may be, are all neatly, and in many cases well dressed. This is explained by the fact that the parents always struggle hard to provide one suit of decent clothes for each child, while the missionaries invariably supply clothes when the parents absolutely cannot afford to do so.

Facts About Recent Calamities.

An official report of the Italian Government states that the mortality caused by the recent earthquake in Ischia has been grossly exaggerated. The number af lives lost was 1,990, and the number of person seriously injured 374. The mortality terrible as it is admitted to be in the official report, is only one-third or one-quarter of what it was orginally reported to have been. Compared with previous earthquakes in Europe it was an insignificant catastrophe. The loss of life at Lisbon has never been estimated at less than 60,000, and as many as 100,000 perished in Calabria by successive earthquake shocks in 1783. A century ago, however, the mortality from such catastrophes was largely a matter of guesswork, whereas now it is ascertained with painstaking care by Government officials or scientific commissions.

It is probable that the loss of life by volcanic eruptions and sea waves in Java and Sumatra has also been largely over-estimated. The earliest accounts of the calamity bore internal evidence of exaggeration, and it was manifestly impossible for any eye-witness to form an accurate idea of the extent of the physical changes that had been wrought or the waste of human life with which those disturbances had been attended. While admitting the need of caution and scepticism in receiving the recent accounts of this great volcanic outbursts, Nature is disposed to pronounce it the grandest and most destructive phenomenon of the kind occurring in modern times. It considers the loss of life at present a mere conjecture, and evidently rejects the elastic estimates that have thus far been made. The most remarkable physical features of the catastrophe to which it directs attention are these: The ejection of enormous quantities of fragmentary materials, producing clouds of finely comminuated dust that darkened the heavens and covered the surface of the surrounding seas; changes in the form of Krakatoa Island, and the formation of a new line of volcanic cones on a fissure opened in the sea-bed; and the occurrence of earthquake shocks and sea-waves of great destructiveness. It is probable, however, that the magnitude of these physical changes, like the estimates of mortality, has been grossly exaggerated. It is to be hoped that the Dutch officials in the island will order a survey of the channels and a thorough investigation of the consequences of the volcanic eruptions and subsequent eruptions.

Jacob Barnes, Barnesville, O., says "Brown's Iron Bitters cured my wife of nervousness, the effect of internal injuries."

Wise men auto-say—now—what fools put off until to-morrow.

Baxters Mandrake Bitters are sold at twenty five cents per bottle. They are a sovereign remedy for biliousness. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co.

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"After having suffered 9 years with paralysis," says Mr. Joseph Yates of Patterson, N. Jersy, "I was cured by *Samaritan Nervine.*" Mr. Yates autho rizes this statement. Your druggist keeps it, $1.50.

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Mr. A. Nichols, of this place, says he suffered from Catarrh for years He purchased a bottle of Ely's Crealm Balm of us. He is now almost cured, and says you cannot recommend it too highly. We are selling more of Ely's Cream Balm than of alll other catarrh remedies, can hardly keep a supply on hand.—EVERS BROS., Druggists, Independence, Iowa.

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Much of the distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia, chronic diarrhoea and other causes is occasioned by humor in the stomach. Several cases, with all the characteristics of these complaints, have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Other cures effected by this medicine are so wonderful that the simplest statement of them affords the best proof that it combines rare curative agents and when once used secures the confidence of the people.

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Only used in AYER'S AGUE CURE, has proven itself a never failing and rapid cure for every form of Malarial Disorder, Fever and Ague, or Chills and Fever. No injury follows its use, and its effects are permanent. It rouses the system to a condition of vigorous health, cleanses the blood of malarial poison, and imparts a feeling of comfort and security most desirable in Ague districts. It is an excellent tonic and preventative, as well as cure, of all complaints peculiar to malarious, marshy and miasmatic regions. The great superiority of AYER'S AGUE CURE over any other compound is that it contains no Quinine, Arsenic, or mineral; consequently it produces no quinism or injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

The direct action of AYER'S AGUE CURE upon the Liver and Digestive Organs makes it a superior remedy for Liver Complaints, producing many remarkable cures, where other medicines have failed.

For sale by all druggists.

It is better that we are not informed than to be misinformed.

A Pithy Sentence.

A well known statesman of this country once said when summing up the events of a life time; "Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret." He might have added many more wonders, but they are not necessary, for his aphorism expresses much Yet it is a well known fact that the above could not be said of life were all classes aware what a great remedy PERUNA is, and what wondrous cures it has performed. For the ills of youth it is a wondrous specific. The worry and tear of manhood's struggle for existence enfeeble his system, and he needs such a tonic, and when old age comes on with its feebleness and regrets for failures and mistakes, the great remedy, PERUNA, can still be used with good effect, and if given a fair trial will accomplish wonders.

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By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches, and Eruptions on the Face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt-Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, Old, Obstinate Ulcers and Sores etc. Sold by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8-1y.

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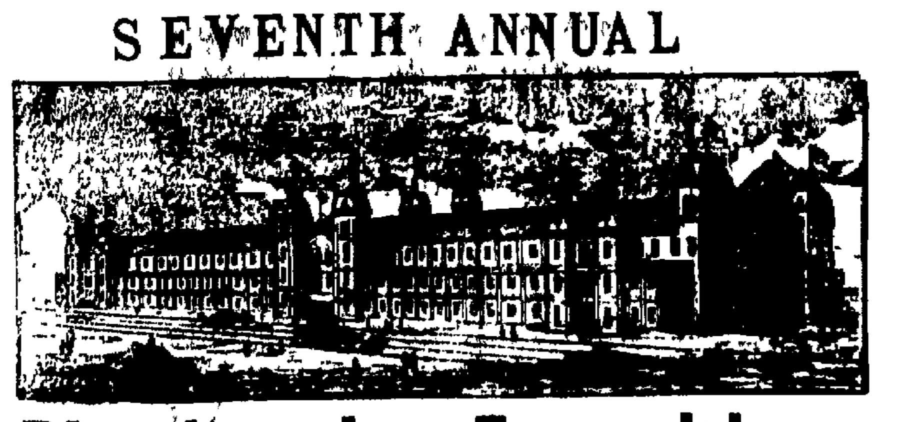
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"Twenty years, I said. Up to the time I mentioned I had suffered from diseased liver for twenty years," said Mr. S T. Hancock, of Richmond, Va., half sadly, as though thinking of that dilapidated section of his life. "At times I almost wished it had pleased Providence to omit the liver from the human anatomy."

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Legal Notice.

William C. Boyd, who resides at Lebanon, Laclede county, Missouri, Richard A. Boyd, who resides at Boundary City, Jay county, Indiana, Alexandria Tees, John Boyd, Truman Boyd, Mary B. Boyd, Catherine Boyd and Daniel Boyd, children and heirs at law of Margaret J. Boyd, deceased, who reside at Portland, Jay county, in the State of Indiana, will take notice that on the 17th day of August, A. D., 1883, Mary Boyd filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton county, Ohio, against the above named parties and others, praying for partition of the following described premises, to-wit: Situate in the township of White Eyes, county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and being the east half of the north-west quarter of section numbered thirteen, township six, range five, of the lands subject to sale in the U. S. Military land District of Zanesville, Ohio, containing eighty acres of land more or less

Also, the following described premises, situate in said township, county and State, and known as lots numbered thirteen and fourteen, and a part of lot twelve in the village of Avondale, as the same is marked and delineated on the recorded plat of said village. All of said lands were owned by Daniel Boyd at the time of his decease.

Said parties are required to answer on or before the 20th day of October, A. D., 1883, at which time an order of partition will be taken as prayed for in the petition.

MARY BOYD.

J. M. Compton, Att'y. for Plaintiff.

Sep8-6t.

E. J. STICKLE. SAM. H. NICHOLAS

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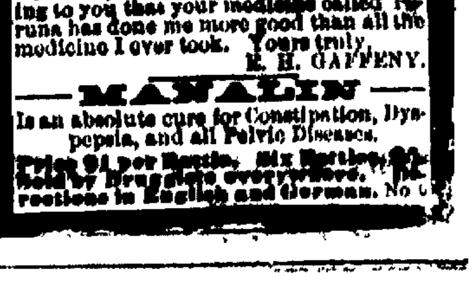
MENDON, WESTMORLAND CO., PA., January 21, 1883

Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio; Dear Sirs—I have the pleasure of stating to you that your medicine called Peruna has done me more good than all the medicine I ever took. Yours truly, E. H. GAFFENY.

MANALIN

Is an absolute cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all Pelvic Diseases.

Price $1 per Bottle, six Bottles $5. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Directions in English and German. No [illegible]



WORTH SENDING FOR!

Dr. J. H. SCHENCK has just published a book on

DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND HOW TO CURE THEM

[illegible]

PENSIONS For wound, disease, or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled. [illegible] Increase, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once [illegible] & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents [illegible] Washington, D. C.

TO THE FRONT!

J. R. STEWART.

Business is booming at J. R. Stewart's Carriage Works, where he manufactures fine

Carriages, Phætons and Spring Wagons.

All work warranted. Repairing in all its branches in a neat and substantial manner. Remember the place,

Mulberry Street, bet. First and Second, Coshocton, O

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

PROBABLY NEVER

In the history of proprietary medicines has any article met success at home equal to that which has been poured upon Hood's Sarsaparilla. Why, such has been the success of this article, that nearly every family in whole neighborhoods have been taking it at the same time. Every week brings new evidence of the wonderful curative properties of this medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Combines the Best Remedies of the vegetable kingdom, and in such proportion as to derive their greatest medicinal effects with the least disturbance to the whole system. In fact this preparation is so well balanced in its action upon the alimentary canal, the liver, the kidneys, the stomach, the bowels and the circulation of the blood, that it brings about a healthy action of the entire human organism, that can hardly be credited by those who have not seen the remarkable results that have followed its use. If the Sarsaparilla does not prove sufficiently laxative, take a few doses of Hood's Vegetable Pills. It is well in all cases of biliousness to take these pills in connection with the Sarsaparilla for the first ten days. That dull, sleepy, sick feeling can be wholly overcome by the use of these remedies. Will you give them a trial and be yourself again?

An ex-alderman of this city says of Hood's Sarsaparilla, "It is the strongest Sarsaparilla I ever saw."

Each dollar bottle contains one hundred (average) doses. Sold by all druggists.

Price one dollar, or six for five dollars. Hood's Sarsaparilla, prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Use Hood's Tooth-Powder.

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST

KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, and Bright's Disease.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength, and the blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists.

Send for Pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,
Providence, R. I.

Prices, 75 cents, and $1.25 (large size).

TOBACCO CHEWERS

A REWARD

Of $555 CASH, 1,000 Imported Novelty Pocket Knives and 5,000 pounds of the Great

ZOO-ZOO

CHEWING TOBACCO
TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

EVERY CONSUMER saving over 30 tags will be REWARDED. $100 to 1st, $90 to 2d, $80 to 3d, $70 to 4th, $60 to 5th, $50 to 6th, $40 to 7th, $30 to 8th, $20 to 9th, $10 to 10th, $5 to 11th. 1,000 Imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, and 5,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Plug Tobacco, to be given in rotation, the largest number of tags returned will receive the first reward, $100 Cash; second highest, $90, and so on down to a foot plug of ZOO-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New Year rewards will be distributed between December 25th and January 1st. Chew this delightful tobacco, the best ever made. Save the tags and send them by mail, between December 15th and 20th, to the

WILSON & McCALLAY TOBACCO CO.
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

Cut address out and paste on Envelope.
This is THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO.
Insist on having it and you will use no other.

TID BITS

"A delicate bit, a rarity, a choice thing."—Encyclopædia

SOLD BY STOREKEEPERS!

H. A. BARTLETT & CO., Makers,
113, 115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila., Pa.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

In buying a silver watch case great care should be taken to secure one that is solid silver throughout. The cap of most cheap silver cases is made of a composition known as albata, which is a very poor substitute for silver, as it turns black in a short time. The backs of such cases are made much thinner than those of an all silver case, being robbed in order to make the cap thicker and get in as much as possible of the cheap metal. Another important point in a silver case is the joints or hinges, which should be made of gold. Those of most cheap cases are made of silver, which is not a suitable metal for that purpose. In a brief period it warps, bends and spreads apart, allowing the backs to become loose upon the case and admitting the dust and dirt that accumulate in the pocket. The Keystone Silver Watch Cases are only made with silver caps and gold joints.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 17, 1883.

In our long and varied experience in handling watches, we cannot but acknowledge and give our testimony that the Keystone Solid Silver Watch Cases are the best made to our knowledge. Having no soldering they remain homogeneous, harder and stiffer than they would be were they heated for soldering, and have more resisting power against pressure than any other cases in the market. Simmon & Jaccard Jewelry Co.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—warranted to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c. a Box. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

Bring your Job Printing to the Age office.

TO YOUNG MEN.

The Eloquent Appeal to Them by General Garfield.

[From a speech delivered by General Garfield in Cleveland, Oct. 1879.]

Now, fellow-citizens, a word before I leave you, on the very eve of the holy day of God—a fit moment to consecrate ourselves finally to the great work of next Tuesday morning. I see in the audience to-night a great many young men—young men who are about to cast their first vote. I want to give you a word of suggestion and advice. I heard a very brilliant thing said by a boy the other day up in one of our northwestern counties. He said to me, "General I have a great mind to vote the Democratic ticket." That was not the brilliant thing. [Laughter.]

I said to him, "Why?" "Why," said he, "my father is a Republican, and I am a Republican all over, but I want to be an independent man, and don't want any one to say, "That fellow votes the Republican ticket just because his dad does,' and I have half a mind to vote the Democratic ticket just to prove my independence." I did not like the thing the boy suggested, but I did admire the spirit of the boy that wanted to have some independence of his own.

Now, I tell you young men, don't vote the Republican ticket just because your father votes it. Don't vote the Democratic ticket even if he does vote it. [Laughter.] But let me give you this one word of advice as you are about to pitch your tent in one of the great political camps. Your life is full and bouyant with hope now, and I beg you when you pitch your tent, pitch it among the living and not among the dead, [Applause.] If you are at all inclined to pitch it among the Democratic people and with that party, let me go with you for a moment, while we survey the ground where I hope you will not shortly lie. [Laughter.]

It is a sad place, young man, for you to put young life into. It is to me far more like a graveyard than a camp for the living. Look at it! It is billowed all over with graves of dead issues, of buried opinions, of exploded theories, of disgraced doctrines. You cannot live in comfort in such a place. [Laughter.] Why, look here! Here is a little double mound. I look down on it and I read, "Sacred to the memory of Squatter Sovereignty and the Dred Scott decision." A million and a half Democrats voted for that, but it has been dead fifteen years—died by the hand of Abraham Lincoln, and here it lies. [Applause.] Young man, that is not the place for you.

But look a little further. Here is another monument—a black tomb—and beside it there towers to the sky a monument of four million pairs of human fetters, taken from the arms of slaves, and I read on its headstone this: "Sacred to the memory of human slavery." For forty years of its infamous life the Democratic party taught that it was divine, God's institution. They defended it, they stood around it at its grave as mourners. But here it lies dead by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.] Dead by the power of the Republican party. [Applause.] Dead by the justice of the Almighty God. [Great applause and cheers.] Don't camp there, young man. But here is another—a little brimstone tomb [laughter] and I read across its yellow face in lurid, bloody lines these words: "Sacred to the memory of State Sovereignty and Secession."

Twelve millions of Democrats mustered around it in arms to keep it alive; but here it lies, shot to death by the million guns of the Republic. [Applause.] Here it lies, its shrine burnt to ashes under the blazing rafters of the burning Confederacy. [Applause.] It is dead! I would not have you stay in there a minute, even in this balmy night air, to look at such a place. [Laughter.] But just before I leave it I discover a new made grave, a little grave—short. The grass has hardly sprouted over it, and all around I see torn pieces of paper with the words "fiat" on them [laughter] and I look down in curiosity, wondering what the little grave is, and I read on it: "Sacred to the memory of the Rag Baby [laughter] nursed in the brain of all the fanaticism of the world, [laughter] rocked by Thomas Ewing, George H. Pendleton, Samuel Cary, and a few others throughout the land." But it died on the 1st of January, 1879, and the $40,000,000 of gold that God made, and not the fiat power, lie upon the little carcass to keep it down forever. [Prolonged applause.]

Oh, young man, come out of that! [Laughter.] That is no place in which to put your young life. Come out, and come over to this camp of liberty, of order, of law, of justice, of freedom, [amen] of all that is glorious under these night stars.

Is there any death here in our camp? Yes, yes! Three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, the noblest band that ever trod the earth, died to make this camp a camp of glory and of liberty forever. [Tremendous applause.]

But there are no dead issues here. There are no dead ideas here. Hang out our banner from under the blue sky this night until it shall sweep the green turf under your feet! It hangs over our camp. Read, away up under the stars, the inscriptions we have written it, lo! these twenty-five years. Twenty-five years ago the Republican party was married to liberty, and this is our silver wedding, fellow-citizens. [Great applause.]

A worthily married pair love each other better on the day of their silver wedding than on the first day of their espousal; and we are truer to liberty to-day, and dearer to God than we were when we spoke our first word of liberty. Read, away up in the sky, across our starry banner, that first word we uttered twenty-five years ago. What was it? "Slavery shall never extend over another foot of the Territories of the great West!" [Applause.] Is that dead or alive? Alive, thank God, forever. [Applause.] And truer to-night than it was the hour it was written. [Applause.] Then it was a hope, a promise, a purpose; to-night it is equal with the stars—immortal history and immortal truth. [Applause.]

Come down the glorious steps of our banner. Every great record we have made we have vindicated with our blood and with our truth. It sweeps the ground and it touches the stars. Come then, young man, and put in your young life where all is living, and where nothing is dead but the heroes that defended it. [Applause.] I think these young men will do that. [Of course they will.]

Gentlemen, we are closing this memorable campaign. We have got our enemies on the run everywhere [laughter] and all you need to do in this noble old city, this capital of the Western Reserve, is to follow them up and finish it by snowing the rebellion under once more. We are standing on an isthmus.

This year and next is the narrow isthmus between us and perpetual victory. If you can win now, and win in 1880, then the very stars in their courses will fight for us, [Applause.] The census will do the work and give us thirty more freemen of the North in our Congress that will make up for the rebellion of the South. [Great applause.]

We are posted here as the Greeks were posted at Thermopylæ, to meet this one great barbarian, Xerxes of the isthmus. Stand in your place, men of Ohio! Fight this battle, win victory, and then one more puts you in safety forever.

A Few Newspaper Facts.

New Orleans Times Democrat.

By an unaccountable misapprehension of facts, there is a large class of people in the world who think that it costs little or nothing to run a newspaper, and as they buy a copy occasionally, they are regular patrons and are entitled to unlimited favors. Men ask for a copy of a newspaper for nothing, who would never dream of begging a pocket handkerchief from a drygoods store, or a piece of candy from a confectioner, even upon a plea of having done business with them once. One paper is not much, but 30 to 40 each issue will amount to something in the course of time. But this is a small drain compared with the free advertising a newspaper is expected to do. Some people when they once pay for an advertisement think they are stockholders in the establishment for eternity. Without being represented in its advertising columns, we have had people request us to gratuitously insert this notice, or draw attention to this article, with the slight suggestion that "it will not cost you anything to put this in," which is just as ridiculous as to ask a man to grind your ax on his grindstone, and graciously tell him it wont cost him a cent. It takes money to run a newspaper as well as any other business; no paper can succeed financially that carries a dead-head system. Any mention of people's affairs that they are anxious to see in print is worth paying for, and when printed, is generally worth as much as any other investment of the same amount.

The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small. The proprietors risk more money for smaller profits, and the editors, reporters and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any other profession requiring the given amount of intelligence, training and drudgery. This life has its charms and pleasant associations, scarcely known to the outside world; but it has its earnest work and anxieties, and hours of exhaustion, which also are not known to those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is a charmed circle, where the favored members live a life of ease and free from care, and go to the circus at night on a free ticket, and travel on free passes in the summer, is an idea which should be exploded. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square footing, the same as banking, building bridges or keeping a hotel.

M. L. Miller, Steubenville, says: "I can recommend Brown's Iron Bitters. I find it adapted to my own case better than any other remedy."

The re is no greater delight, than to be concious of sincerity on self-examination.

It's hard to believe Miss Whittier was cured of such terrible sores by Hood's Sarsaparilla, but reliable people prove it.

Wonders Never Cease.

A long time ago the wise man said there is nothing new under the sun, but yet the daily experience of hundreds seem to prove this false. Some contend that the days of miracles are past, but yet it appears as if they are not yet gone by when such men as I. N. Tidball, of Washington, Pa., give the following remarkable testimony:

"I have been a severe sufferer from chronic rheumatism and kidney affection for over twenty years, and after having tried nearly every thing without getting relief, commenced using Peruna a few months ago. The benefit I have received is wonderful. I feel like a new man, and am fully restored to health."

Surely such a cure is remarkable, and none should hesitate any longer about using Peruna, the great remedy discovered by Dr. Hartman. Send to your druggist for a bottle, and ask for his book on the "Ills of Life."

He who cultivates a taste for reading in his youth plants good seed.

SKILL VS. IGNORANCE.

As a perfect pharamceutical preparation we are told that Hoods Sarsaparilla surpasses any proprietary article upon the market. Even to our inexperienced eye we see positive indications of the truth of the foregoing. A glance at the article shows the scrupulous neatness and care with which the detail of its manufacture and putting up must be conducted. These points are of importance in any business, but in the manipulations of importance for the relief of human suffering they become of supreme importance and only such are worthy public confidence. sep22-4t.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

NEVER FAILS.

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

A SPECIFIC FOR

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.

$1.50 per bottle.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Proprietors, St. Joseph, Mo. (11)

Correspondence freely answered by Physicians. Sold by all Druggists.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

501 N. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.
G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

REAL ESTAT FOR SALE

AT THE OFFICE OF

BUCKLEW & MURPHEY,

MAIN STREET,

COSHOCTON - - - - OHIO.

FARM FOR SALE,

—IN—

Caldwell County, Missouri.

A good improved farm of 200 acres, 180 acres all prairie, good dwelling and out houses, divided off in meadows and plow land and lots, and orchard of apple and peach. The 180 acres lays well, can all be plowed without a gully, stone or stump in the way except a 20 yard long gully; well watered by three good wells and one pond, the [illegible] in two 40 acre pastures with [illegible] for stock; this pasture is part timber and prairie, mostly set with blue grass and clover on this pasture is also a dwelling and out houses, with excellent well, all under good fence. Also, 20 acres of [illegible] rail[illegible] good. [illegible] Wolfe, of [illegible] here, Nicholas Cline, Henry and Reuben Vancleave and Ed Plash, who all live in this neighborhood. HENRY H. [illegible], Mirable, Mo. sep21-3m.

E. McDONALD,

Cor. Main and 3d Streets,

COSHOCTON, O.

Sole Agent for the CASADAY and OLIVER CHILLED

PLOWS,

Brown Cultivators, Milburn Farm Wagons, And Dealer in

GENERAL HARDWARE,

STOVES, &C.

Call and examine Goods and Prices before Buying.

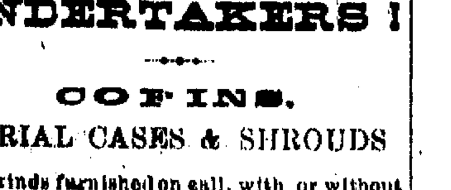
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Manufacturers and Dealers in

FURNITURE

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UNDERTAKERS!

COFFINS,

BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS

of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.

RICKETTS' BLOCK,

Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

The BUYERS' GUIDE, No. 34, Fall and Winter, 1883, gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. Tells how to order with exact cost, 216 pages—large ones—3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Contains information gleaned from the markets of the world. No other price-book in existence contains as much information. Sent free to any address upon receipt of postage (7 cts). Let us hear from you, or visit us when in our city. Near Exposition Buildings. Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. WIJuly28-tf

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

When all other remedies fail, Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver, an Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb3-1y.

B. F. SELLS'

LIVERY STABLE,

In rear of Central House,

Main Street, Coshocton, O

Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rate Give me a call. B. F. SELLS.

FARM FOR SALE.

300 ACRES.

Four miles from Coshocton and one mile from Keene, Ohio, on Millersburg road. 240 acres cleared, 150 acres good bottom land, 60 acres timber. Frame house 42X28 one and a half stories, with one story addition 30X18, in all 13 rooms. Frame barn 76X40, with frame basement for horses, sheep and cattle, and room above for 100 tons of hay. Two frame sheep houses 40X22, 14 foot posts. Grainery and carriage house 28X18 one and a half stories. Corn crib 48X8, 9 foot posts, and all other necessary outbuildings. Also tenant house on premises. Buildings mostly new and in good repair. Plenty of living water, good fences, bearing orchards, &c. For terms call on premises, or address the subscriber,

june23-tf. G. W. NORMAN, Aurora, Nebraska.

CAPITAL CITY Commercial College

Columbus, Ohio. Send for Catalogue. WOOD, RUFF, COOPER & MURRAY, Proprietors.

J. C. POMERENE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Office: North public square, Chestnut street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

HAVE YOU CANCER?

IF YOU HAVE,

It can be Cured!

NO CURE, NO PAY!

Dr. J. Kinney, of Coshocton, has had long experience in the treatment of Cancer, and has been very successful. He can cure cancer beyond a doubt, taking them out root and branch, without the loss of blood, and without using the knife.

Cancer, to insure a cure, should be taken at an early stage, but he has effected cures when life had been despaired of. Below will be found the names of a few in this and adjoining counties who have been cured by him:

Joseph Barley, of Dresden, had cancer on the arm; cured in 1865.

Thos. Crosier, of Dresden, had cancer on the shoulder; cured in 1862.

Mrs. Zentmeyer, of Dresden, had cancer on the breast, and she was given up to die. It was cured by Dr. Kinney, and she lived five years, when she died from softening of the brain. Her husband is still living in Dresden.

John Love, of Keene township, had cancer some years since.

Cases have recently been successfully treated as follows:

Alexander Love, of Linton, had cancer on lip Treated successfully by Dr. Kinney.

Malachi Jones, Plainfield, had severe case of cancer on leg. Cured by Dr. Kinney.

Mrs. McMillan, Uhrichsville, had cancer on face. Dr. Kinney effected a perfect cure.

If any who read this have cancer, they should not delay another hour, because now you can be cured, but if let run you may die. Do not accept our word alone, but write to any of the above named parties who can tell you what was done for them. For further particulars call on or address,

DR. J. KINNEY,

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

White Bronze Monuments,



Statuary,

PORTRAITS AND BUSTS,

Superior to anything now on the market, for Cemetery purposes.

We are now prepared to furnish those wanting it, with Iron Cemetery Lot Fencing, Bronzed re Painted.

All information cheerfully given. Correspondence solicited.

OFFICE: Equity building, East of Public Square, Fourth Street.

W. H. ROBINSON, Local Agent.

L. B. WOLFE, General Agent for Coshocton and Knox counties.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. jan6-1y.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $6 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. jan6-1y.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. jan6-1y.

NOTICE TO

TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April, September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

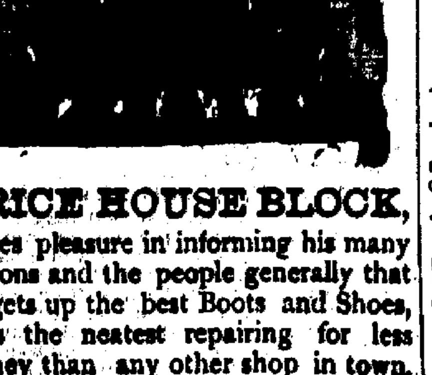
Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

GEO. T. EAGLE,

The People's Shoemaker,



PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,

Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town. Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT

—TO THE—

CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.

JUDICIAL.

HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 73.

JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to article four of the constitution of the State.

SECTION 1. *Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio*, (three-fifths of the members elected to each house agreeing thereto), That a proposition to amend the constitution of the State of Ohio be, and the same is hereby submitted to the electors of the State at the election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1883, as follows:

That sections one, two and six of article four, entitled "judicial" be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 1. The judicial power of the State is vested in a supreme court, circuit courts courts of common pleas, courts of probate, justices of the peace, and such other courts inferior to the supreme court, as the general assembly may from time to time establish.

Section 2. The supreme court shall, until otherwise provided by law, consist of five judges, a majority of whom competent to sit shall be necessary to form a quorum or to pronounce a decision, except as hereinafter provided. It shall have original jurisdiction in *quo warranto, mandamus, habeas corpus* and *procedendo*, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. It shall hold at least one term in each year at the seat of government, and such other terms, there or elsewhere, as may be provided by law. The judges of the supreme court shall be elected by the electors of the State at large, for such term, not less than five years, as the general assembly may prescribe, and they shall be elected and their official term shall begin at such time as may be fixed by law. In case the general assembly shall increase the number of such judges, the first term of each of such additional judges shall be such, that in each year after their first election, an equal number of judges of the supreme court shall be elected, except in elections to fill vacancies; and whenever the number of such judges shall be increased, the general assembly may authorize such court to organize divisions thereof, not exceeding three, each division to consist of an equal number of judges; for the adjudication of cases, a majority of each division shall constitute a quorum, and such an assignment of the cases to each division may be made as such court may deem expedient, but whenever all the judges, of either division, hearing a case shall not concur as to the judgment to be rendered therein, or whenever a case shall involve the constitutionality of an act of the general assembly or of an act of congress, it shall be reserved to the whole court for adjudication. The judges of the supreme court in office, when this amendment takes effect, shall continue to hold their offices until their successors are elected and qualified.

SECTION 6. The circuit courts shall have like original jurisdiction with the supreme court, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. Such courts shall be composed of such number of judges as may be provided by law, and shall be held in each county, at least once in each year. The number of circuits, and the boundaries thereof, shall be prescribed by law. Such judges shall be elected in each circuit by the electors thereof, and at such time and for such term as may be prescribed by law, and the same number shall be elected in each circuit. Each judge shall be competent to exercise his judicial powers in any circuit. The general assembly may change, from time to time, the number or boundaries of the circuits. The circuit courts shall be the successors of the district courts, and all cases, judgments, records, and proceedings pending in said district courts, in the several counties of any district, shall be transferred to the circuit courts in the several counties, and be proceeded in as though said district courts had not been abolished, and the district courts shall continue in existence until the election and qualification of the judges of the circuit courts.

And be it further resolved, that at said election, the voters desiring to vote in favor of said amendment, shall have placed upon their ballots, the words, "judicial constitutional amendment, yes," and the voters who do not favor the adoption of said amendment, may place on their ballots the words, "judicial constitutional amendment, no;" and if a majority of all the votes passed (cast) at said election shall be in favor of said amendment, then said sections one, two and six herein set forth, shall be and constitute the sections so amended in said judicial article (four) of the constitution of the State of Ohio, and said original sections one, two and six, and also sections five and eleven of said article, shal be repealed and annulled.

I. N. HATHAWAY,
Speaker pro tem. of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted March 30, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 30th day of March, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1883.

[SEAL.] JAMES W. NEWMAN,
Secretary of State.

April 7. 6 mon.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT

TO THE

CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.

Section Eighteen of Schedule.

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 50.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing Amendments to the Constitution.

Be it Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That, at the general election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, 1883, there shall be submitted to the electors for their approval or rejection two propositions to amend the constitution of the State, as follows:

FIRST PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The general assembly shall regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors so as to provide against evils resulting therefrom; and its power to levy taxes or assessments thereon is not limited by any provision of this constitution."

SECOND PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The manufacture of and the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are forever prohibited; and the general assembly shall provide by law for the enforcement of this provision."

The electors voting in favor of the said first proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic—Yes;" and those voting in favor of the said second proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Prohibition of intoxicating liquors—Yes."

If either of the said two propositions be thus approved by a majority of the electors voting at the said election, then the amendment therein proposed shall constitute a separate section of article fifteen of the constitution.

O. J. HODGE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted April 4, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883.

[SEAL.] JAMES W. NEWMAN,
Secretary of State.

April 7-6m.

E. T. SPANGLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

PENSIONS For wound, disease, or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents 917 F st Washington, D. C. WL July 28-tf.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

PENSION PAYROLL.

Complete List of Pensioners in Coshocton County as Shown by the Official Publication.

Below will be found the official list of pensioners of Coshocton county, as printed by order of Congress. The list is completed until January 1, 1883, and is the only complete one that will appear until Congress meets in December. Only a limited number of copies have been printed in book form, and therefor they will be very scarce. Those who are interested should preserve this list:

Name of pensioner.	Monthly rate
Postoffice address, Avondale.	
Thomas, John A. injury to abdomen	24 00
Jacobs, Harriet, widow	8 00
Hooger, Gustav, asthma	6 00
Postoffice address, Bakersville.	
Hawk, Wm w l leg	4 00
Schoonover, John w r thigh	4 00
Stinebaugh, Jacob rheum	4 00
Mizer, Henry w r thigh	4 00
Bender, Wm w ot back and paralysis	14 00
Vannostran, Samuel inj to l hip	4 00
Stonehocker, Mary A mother	8 00
Postoffice address, Canal Lewisville.	
Nelson, James w r thigh	18 00
Postoffice address, Chili.	
Barth, Frederick w r arm	2 00
Postoffice address, Clarks.	
Miller, Philip dis of spine	24 00
Rutherford, Robert widow	8 00
Edgar, Susan widow	20 00
Postoffice address, Conesville.	
Turnbull, Frances widow	8 00
Hummer, John F w of head	2 00
Holdsworth, George w r shoul	4 00
Postoffice address, Coshocton.	
Hottinger, C w of l thigh	2 00
Schriver, John C w r arm	4 00
Speckman, John diarr and vertigo	1 00
Kelly, John inj to abdomen	4 00
Keyser, Philip O rheum	4 00
Hunter, Thomas w r forearm	2 00
Richison, Maria mother	8 00
Fortune, Daniel shell w r knee	4 00
McClure, James w l hand	3 75
Moore, Philip H w r arm	6 00
Morrow, Elisha W varicose veins r leg	8 00
Mortley, David H typhoid fever, dis of abd viscera, diarr and hemor of bowels	12 75
Black, Ransom B w l wrist	18 00
Wolfrod, Charles W minors ot	10 00
Lamma, Andrew J w head	6 00
Voorhes, R M w left hip	13 33½
Easton, Elizabeth widow	8 00
Brister, Elizabeth Ann widow	8 00
O'Donnell, Bridget widow	10 00
McMichael, Charles widow	10 00
Miller, Elizabeth widow 1812	8 00
Stevenson, Sarah widow 1812	8 00
Darnes, John W w r arm and shoulder	6 00
Barber, Hugh M frac l leg	4 00
Pocock, Edgar J injury to abdomen	7 50
Apple, Louis loss of finger r hand	4 00
Clemmons, Warren w l knee	1 00
West, Sarah widow	8 00
Walton, Elizabeth widow	8 00
Weiser, Elizabeth widow	8 00
Watson, Jane widow	8 00
McPherson, Sarah widow	8 00
Gershbach, Magdalena widow	8 00
Judd, Elizabeth F widow	8 00
Casner, Matilda widow	8 00
Funk, Katharine widow	8 00
Flagg, Catharine widow	8 00
Thornsley, Dorcas widow	8 00
Bucklew, Nathan g s w l leg	8 00
Postoffice address, Evansburg.	
Davis, Wm H blindness	72 00
Addy, John ch dysentery	31 25
Jones, Martha widow	8 00
McCausland, Cath'n mother	8 00
Morris, Margaret widow	8 00
Postoffice address, Franklin Station.	
Bryan, Wm B injury to abdomen	4 00
Ross, Jacob H w l hand	2 00
Postoffice address, Helmick.	
Over, Eli L dis of lungs	10 00
Waters, Mary widow	8 00
Siekles, Daniel P dis of lungs	8 00
Wilson, Joseph H w r arm	8 00
Postoffice address, Keene.	
Beall, Mary mother	8 00
Leavitt, Mary A widow	8 00
Wilson, Hellen S widow	8 00
Spelman, Calista widow	8 00
Pow, Achsa widow 1812	8 00
Cooper, Ludlow R surv 1812	8 00
Stafford, Margaret M widow	8 00
Robinson, John dis of lungs	4 00
Stewart, Wm A w l knee	2 00
Hughes, John D w l hand	2 00
Infield, Phenas diarr and sunstroke	4 00
Postoffice address, Lafayette.	
Engon, Wm par loss two fingers r hand	6 00
Postoffice address, Linton Mills.	
Scott, Wm L dis of lungs	12 00
Dean, Elizabeth widow	8 00
Hamersley, Mary M widow	14 00
Gaumer, Magdalena widow 1812	8 00
Patterson, Ruth widow 1812	8 00
Heslip, Joseph surv 1812	8 00
Taylor, Mary mother	8 00
Postoffice address, Mohawk Village.	
Keefer, Susan widow	8 00
Crago, Wm w r arm	18 00
Tracy, Benj N typhoid fever, dis bowels	2 00
Postoffice address, New Bedford.	
Stafford, John amp ring finger r hand	6 00
Sprinkle, Simon w r thigh	6 00
Weaver, Mary widow	8 00
Postoffice address, New Castle.	
Wilson, Hiram w r leg	4 00
Johnson, Charles dis of heart	24 00
Taylor, Joseph M T w r thigh	4 00
Dehuff, Margaret widow	8 00
Mills, Nathaniel B w l arm	4 00
Rodgers, Jacob M loss l hand	18 00
Snider, Mary widow	8 00
Severns Samuel surv 1812	8 00
Swallow, Joe W heart dis	8 00
Smith, Eleathan C pistol w r thigh	2 00
Sheets, Wm H rheum and dis of heart	8 00
Speaker, Geo W w r leg	2 00
Kinert, Oscar B dis of eyes	8 00
Courter, Rob't diarr dis heart and lungs	8 00
Perrine, John V w l shoulder	2 00
Akers, Napoleon B dis of eyes	8 00
Wise, Alice mother	8 00
Mayall, Ann mother	8 00
Davee, Isabell mother	8 00
Reese, Isaiah C heart and dropsy	8 00
Mitchell, Augustus P dis of eyes	8 00
Robinson, Sam'l T w of face	8 00
Frost, Sam'l L diarr and inj to abdomen	6 00
Scott, Rebecca widow	8 00
Postoffice address, New Guilford.	
Donaker, Mary widow	8 00
Rine, Nancy widow 1812	8 00
Beaty, Mary mother	8 00
Postoffice address, New Moscow.	
Bown, Rachel E widow	8 00
Postoffice address, Plainfield.	
Angle, Malichi, dis of eyes	4 00
Abbott, Edgar G w l thigh	14 00
Platt, Robert inf left foot	4 00
Polan, James H w r arm	4 00
Dorr, Jacob N w r thigh	1 00
Smith, Susan widow 1812	8 00
Miller, Daniel surv 1812	8 00
Norris, David R widow	14 00
Aschbaker, Mary A mother	8 00
Johnson, John w l hand	4 00
McCune, Washington dis of lungs	4 00
Henderson, Joseph dis of eyes	8 00
Watters, Robert varicose veins l leg	8 00
Postoffice address, Roscoe.	
Brown, Mary mother	8 00
Hooker, Rebecca Jane widow	17 00
Carhartt, John amaurosis and loss l eye	4 00
Briant, Geo W w 3 toe l foot	1 00
Oglevie, Jas surv 1812	8 00
Webb, Jonathan father	8 00
Pearce, Elizabeth widow	8 00
Barkhurst, John W F w r hand	6 00
Fortune, Eli loss ind. fing l hand	2 66⅔
Ogan, John Q w l arm	2 00
Bell, Alex inj to abdomen	12 00
Waters, Catharine widow	8 00
Stanford, Joseph w l thigh	12 00
Jones, Wm w r side	6 00
Postoffice address, Spring Mountain.	
Sewers, Mathias shell w r foot	4 00
Hagelbarger, Henry w r thigh	4 00
Fabra, Susan mother	8 00
Evans, Elizabeth widow	8 00
Barnes, Louisa widow	8 00
Carter, James dis lungs	8 00
Downes, Wm dis lungs	8 00
Deringer, David M w r leg	6 00
Holmes, Sarah widow 1812	8 00
Felton, Mary widow	8 00
Lyburger, Edwin L w r leg	8 00
Postoffice address, Tunnel Hill.	
Lloyd, John w l arm	24 00
Price, Nathan w both arms	18 00
Postoffice address, Tyrone.	
Williams, Sophia mother	8 00
Musgrave, Sarah widow 1812	8 00
Huston, John dis from exposure	8 00
Postoffice address, Walhonding.	
Meredith, Isaac ch laryngitis	4 00
Kling, Anna widow	8 00
Wilson, George w r shoulder	4 00
Taylor, John dis eyes	18 00
Postoffice address, Warsaw.	
Richcreek, Jonas total blindness	72 00
Elben, Levi blindness, dis lungs &c	72 00
Cox, Richard diarr	6 00
Curran, Daniel w r shoulder	6 00
Crago, Jesse V w left thigh	6 00
Wheatcraft, Chloey A mother	8 00
Maggs, Eliza widow	8 00
Wilson, Willis g s w head	8 00
Postoffice address, West Bedford.	
Shannon, John B w l forearm	8 00
Hummel, Henry shell w	2 00
Evans, David loss l arm	24 00
Levengood, John w r leg	4 00
Fortune, Elizabeth H widow	8 00
Lynch, Emily widow	8 00
Nash, Lydia A widow	8 00
Cox, Elizabeth, mother	8 00
Walker, John w r leg	4 00
Postoffice address, West Carlisle.	
Welling, Mary Jane widow	12 00
Magruder, John W w l side	6 00
Casteel, Susannah widow 1812	8 00
Cochran, Susannah widow 1812	8 00
Ashcraft, Jonathan surv 1812	8 00
Hardenbrook, Asenath widow	8 00
Postoffice address, West Lafayette.	
White, Samuel A w l leg	4 00
Wiggins, Isaac Q inj back and l hip	6 00
Cutshall, Jacob rheum	12 00
Postoffice address, White Eyes Plains.	
Leighninger, Elizabeth E widow	8 00
Cole, Martha mother	8 00
Postoffice address, Willow Brook.	
Smith, Alice widow	8 00
Wright, John W w l shoulder	4 00
Postoffice address, Wills Creek.	
Cooper, James B loss r hand	14 00
Shambaugh, Nancy widow 1812	8 00
Postoffice address, Yankee Ridge.	
Parsons, Amanda widow	8 00

Plainfield.

Mr. Robert Johnson, a former citizen of this township, but late of Caldwell county, Mo., and his son Ed and wife are on a visit to friends and relatives here.

Mr. Jas. Alexander, Willis Platt and wife and some others of our citizens who went to Michigan last fall, are back.

The twelve year old daughter of Mr. Jas. B. Wilson, a former resident, is here from Colorado, where her parents live. Her father is expected to arrive soon,

Rev. Dr. Paul, an U. P. minister, of New Cord, O., delivered a discourse on the present proposed constitutional amendment, to a large audience in the M. E. Church here, on Wednesday last. The meeting was organized by appointing Col. C. F. Sangster Chairman, and Chas. Platt Secretary. After the speech, on motion of J. Magness, it was requested that a trial vote of the persons present who were eligible to vote be taken for the purpose of ascertaining how they would vote on the second amendment. The Chairman requested all those who would vote for the second amendment to rise to their feet. Nearly every voter in the house, I think, arose. The chairman stated that he intended to vote for the first amendment emphatically *no*, and for the second emphatically *yes*, and recommended all voters to do the same.

An affray took place last week between Casper Appis and Sam Newton, both of this section. Appis and Newton are partners in a steam thresher. The former went to the latter's house to settle with him about their business. In course of the conversation they both got angry. Newton had a cornslasher in his hand, and struck Appis over the head with the back of the tool, cutting his head open to the skull. He then turned the edge and made one or two other licks; Appis threw up his arm and received the blows, which cut to the bone. Appis then seized Newton, threw him down and requested his (Newton's) wife to take the slasher from her husband; she did so, and Appis let him up. Newton then ran into the house, got his double-barreled shot gun, which had a load in one barrel. In his haste he got the unloaded barrel and snapped it two or three times at Appis. It is supposed that he meant to kill him with the slasher; he tried all he could to split his brains out.

Linton township is going to give a rousing majority for the prohibition amendment to the State Constitution. Now that we have a chance we expect to strike to free our glorious State from the curse of whisky. M.

Dresden.

Business is very lively here at present, and as we advance into the fall trade there is a marked increase of business in nearly every department.

The telephone line to Coshocton is a settled fact; the poles have been delivered at Dresden Junction, Adams Mills and various other railroad points along the line, and Messrs. A. W. Ford and John Williams are to start out with their teams immediately to distribute them along the line where needed, and a gang of men are ready to start right out to put up the line; so you see it will not be long until we can give many news items to THE AGE by telephone, as they transpire here.

The political cauldron is boiling over and we all feel confident as to the result. Many of us have accepted of the very cordial invitation which Judge Foraker gave us when he was here to come up to Columbus in January and see him inaugerated Governer of the State of Ohio. We feel that he is the man that will be inaugerated into that office at that time, and not very many of either party about here seem to doubt it very much; and under those circumstances we regard it as a foregone conclusion that he will be our next Governor.

The second amendment is just booming in every township and school district and by all parties. There seems to be but little doubt in the minds of the people of its adoption by a sweeping majority, and there is great rejoicing on account thereof. Great, great things are expected, and great things are about to culminate from the present mighty effort that is being put forth by the good people of the State, regardless of party, creed or color. Rev. Leahman, of the Presbyterian Church here, is going out in various directions to churches and school houses delivering second amendment speeches to large audiences.

Health good—weddings plenty.

RESERVE.

Reproduction of Fabric Designs.

An Austrian has invented a process for placing on copper or other metal rolls designs to be printed upon any kind of woven fabric, such as cotton, woolen and felt goods. By this process the most delicate tracery of lace work may be produced on furniture coverings and window hanging. Photographs, engravings and other pictures may be exactly reproduced and duplicated to an unlimited extent on copper, steel and other metals, rapidly and cheaply.

Why They Call Him "Old Man."

"Yes that's sadly so said Jenkins, "my hair is turning gray and falling out before its time. Use something? I would but most hair restorers are dangerous." "True," answered his friend, "but Parkers Hair Balsom is as harmless as it is effective. I've tried it, and know. Give the Balsom a show and the boys will soon stop calling you 'Old Man Jenkins.'" It never fails to restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Richly perfumed, an elegant dressing

AFFIDAVIT

CONCERNING MR. BARGAR AND THE WALHONDING CANAL.

We, the undersigned, being duly sworn, say that the Hon. H. Weible, Member of the Board of Public Works of Ohio, did say at Columbus, Ohio, that the Board of Public Works never had promised the Hon. G. H. Bargar to repair the Walhonding Canal.

The Hon. H. Weible did say that the Board never had made any such promise to G. H. Bargar.

Weible did say that during the pendency of the appropriation bill last winter he lobied a week or ten days for it, and that during that time he never spoke to Mr. Bargar, and that no such a proposition was ever before the Board.

The affiants further say that the statements of Paul and Weible, Members of the Board, and of Gregory, Chief Engineer of the Board, are that the Board never promised Bargar to repair the Walhonding Canal, and the affiants make no reference to date, as that is unimportant, Bargar having said that he had such a promise last winter or spring, and the only three men who should know say he had not.

This affidavit is made to meet a letter being circulated by some party seemingly in the interests of Hon. G. H. Bargar, and in which it is alleged Hon. Weible did not say that the Board had not promised Bargar to repair the canal. We, the affiants, believe the letter being circulated is a forgery and an outrage on the Hon. H. Weible, and that *Hon. H. Weible never wrote the letter.*

The affiants further say that J. C. Pomerene, of Coshocton, was present when Hon. Weible said that the Board had not promised Hon. G. H. Bargar to repair the Walhonding Canal.

Col. P. Metham, James Foster, J. C. Pomerene and E. Z. Hays were present when G. H. Bargar very emphatically declared he would not go before the Board and hold them to their promise (the promise he said they had given him) as to the repairing of the Walhonding Canal, Bargar said he would be G— d—d if he would turn his hand over to satisfy the people up this Valley, that he had not done all he could.

E. Z. HAYS,
PREN METHAM.

STATE OF OHIO, COSHOCTON CO., SS. } October 4, 1883.

Before me the undersigned authority personally came, P. Metham and E. Z. Hays the subscribers, who being sworn, say that the foregoing statements are true.

HENRY MILLER,
Justice of the Peace.

The paragraph in the foregoing in which I am referred to is correct.
JAMES FOSTER.

AT THE FRONT!

ONCE MORE WE TALK TO THE PEOPLE.

NO HUMBUG.

"Read, that ye may learn; see, that ye may be convinced."

Knowledge is power. Through the medium of the press we glean knowledge. We advertise our business that knowledge may be extended. We invite inspection that you may be convinced that we carry **the best** and **most complete** stock of **Boots, Shoes, Hats** and **Caps,** in Coshocton. We ask comparison that you may be convinced that our prices are **the Lowest.** We do not shun competition, but seek it. Even if you do not wish to buy, come in and look around. No trouble to show goods.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

LEE & GOSSER,

241. Next to City Hall.

DAVE & IKE.

DAVE & IKE

Seize this Golden Opportunity.
Notice the Time.
Mark the Place.

Was there ever such a chance to secure genuine bargains before?

Beginning to-day and to continue until October 1st, we will conduct a grand and bonafide "Special Sale" of every article in our vast emporium, comprising positively the largest line of

Men's Youths', Boys' and Children's CLOTHING

the handsomest line of Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks and Valises ever offered to purchasers in this section of the State. The Goods must and will be sold before we remove to our new store in the Forbes Block. You can not afford to and must not miss this grand chance to secure these wonderful bargains.

DAVE & IKE,

CITY HALL CLOTHIERS,

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

THE COSHOCTON COUNTY FAI

FOR 1883.

Thirty-Second Annual Exhibition

OF THE

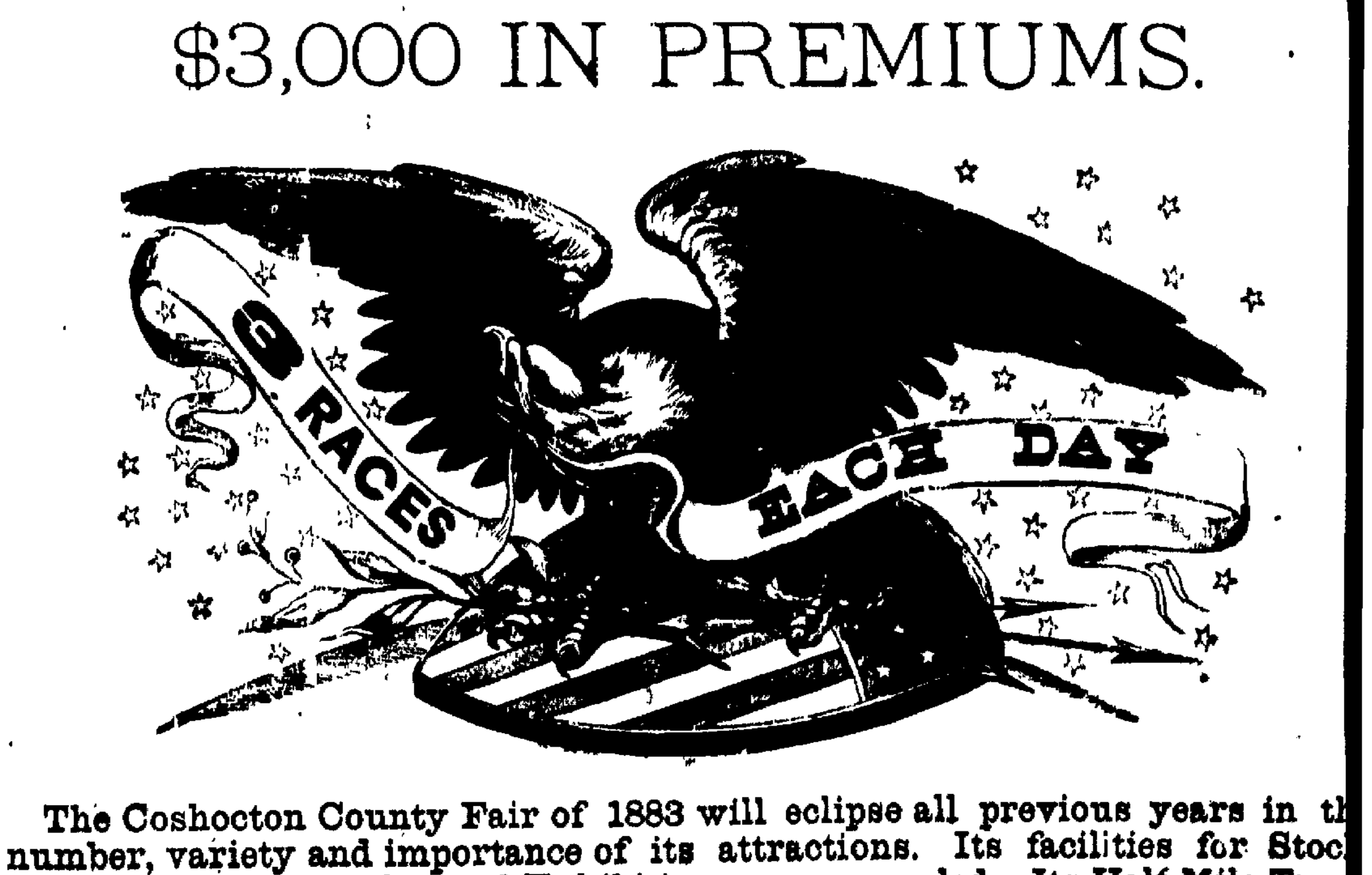
COUNTY FAIR

Will be held at Coshocton,

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

Oct. 9, 10, 11 and 12

$3,000 IN PREMIUMS.



The Coshocton County Fair of 1883 will eclipse all previous years in th number, variety and importance of its attractions. Its facilities for Stoc Agriculture and Mechanical Exhibitions are unequaled. Its Half Mile Trac has been greatly improved and is now unsurpassed in the State for all Spee Contests.

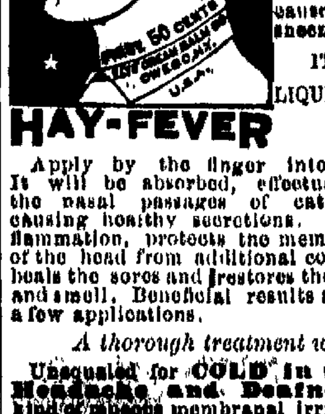
Floral and Art Halls will be under the supervision of competent Person and will be finer than ever.

Excursion rates can be obtained upon the Pan-Handle and Connotton Valle Railroads.

For List of Premiums and Regulations Address,

L. W. POCOCK, Sec'y. LEWIS DEMOSS, Pres't.

CATARRH ELY'S **CREAM BALM**



has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit. Is convenient and cleanly. It causes no pain nor sneezing.

IT IS NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

HAY-FEVER

Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.

A thorough treatment will cure.

Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c a package —stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

nov25-1y.

Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Sprains and Bruises, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Burns, Frost Bites, Tooth, Ear, and Headache, and all pains and aches.

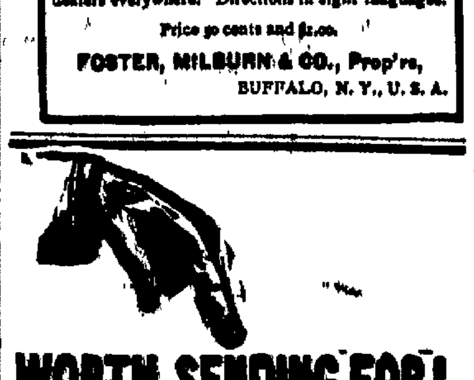
The best internal and external remedy in the world. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Directions in eight languages.

Price 50 cents and $1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'rs, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

Democratic Testimony.

Let every wool grower in Coshocton county understand that in the final and decisive contest in the Senate on Mr. Sherman's motion to raise the duties on wool, 14 Republicans voted for it, while of the Democratic Senators 26 voted for the reduction of the duties on wool and only 3 for increase. [illegible] Let our Democratic friends who are complaining, study these figures. The Republicans of Ohio in Convention assembled resolve in favor of a restoration of the tariff of 1867. The Democracy are silent upon that point.—*Editorial in Standard-Commonwealth (Dem.) July 28 1883.*



WORTH SENDING FOR!

Dr. J. H. SCHENCK has just published a book on

DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND HOW TO CURE THEM

[illegible] Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. (State if you wish English or German Book)

What the Lime-Kiln Club Has Accomplished.

Detroit Free Press.

Brother Gardner made a brief speech, in which he reviewed the progress of the club. It was organized with seven men and a dog. It now numbered 3,084 members and over 2,000 canines. The first weekly collection footed up 3 cents and a peck of nails and buttons. the last amounted to $13 in clear cash. The club had $968 in the treasury, owned the most valuable museum in America, and its library was second to none in the state. Its deliberations were given the preference over the proceedings of congress, and its decisions were acknowledged ahead of all courts. During the past year 380 members had been made, four had died. Paradise hall had been broken into and Sir Isaac Walpole had received a letter threatening his life. The club was on a sound financial basis, asked no favors of the Concord school of philosophy, and another year would probably witness the building of a hall in which to hold their meetings.

Legal Notice.

The undersigned Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church Society, of the village of Keene, in Coshocton county, Ohio, hereby give notice that on the 3d day of October, A. D., 1883, they filed their petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton county, Ohio, to sell or exchange the following described real estate, held in trust for said religious society, to-wit: Situate in the village of Keene, in the county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and described as follows, to-wit: Being in lot numbered fourteen (14) as marked and delineated on the recorded plat of said village, excepting forty (40) feet off the south side thereof, once owned by Francis McKee. Said petition will be for hearing on the first day of the next term of said court. A. D., 1883, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

J. W. Winslow, Henry Heck,
Robert Finlay, Asa Adams,
J. Ab. Finlay, David Love,
Joseph A. Finlay, Charles Graham.
Oct6-4t.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	50
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	18
Bacon, sides, per pound	10
Beans, per bushel	2 00 to 250
Beeswax per pound	18
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	15
Eggs per dozen	18
Flour per sack	1 55
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	2 50
Potatoes per bushel new	40
Peaches, dried, per pound	6to7
Shoulders per pound	8to8½
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	$1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—	60
OATS—	35
RYE—	70
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	[illegible]
Per Sack, XX	1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	80
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE, by [illegible] & Co., 1[illegible] Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 18[illegible], receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bbl, [illegible]; good, [illegible]; medium, 2 [illegible] 75.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a75c; App[illegible] Jelly, 8a 7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 20a22c; "Gilt Edge," [illegible] 20c; Creamery, 24a26c; Choice Roll, 16a1[illegible] Extra Choice Roll, 17a18c; Medium, 9a10c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a1[illegible] do quarters, 8a7c, Peaches, halves, [illegible] re do, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, [illegible]; Rasbe[illegible] ries, [illegible]; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb, for [illegible]

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 60a65c Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, case, 21a22.

HONEY—York State 24 to 24; White Clov[illegible] 20 to 28; Buckwheat 18a20.

ONIONS—Onions 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live Chickens, 60a65 per pa[illegible] according to size; Spring chickens, per pa[illegible] 50a45c.

POTATOES— 125 per bush.

RAGS—Cotton, White, per lb, 3½c; Cotto[illegible] Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 [illegible] Clover, [illegible] for small; [illegible] for larg[illegible]

TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax [illegible] per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, &c.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 13a1 14; M[illegible] dium, 1 10a1 15.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 67a68; Yell[illegible] Shelled, 54a56; Ear Corn, 58a60.

OATS—[illegible] for white, [illegible] for mixed.

RYE—Choice, 60a. [illegible]

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-we[illegible] tern Spring; 75c.a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winte[illegible] 7 50a7 25; Fancy St. Louis, winter, [illegible] Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, [illegible] a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, [illegible] 5 75; XX Family, medium winter, [illegible] XXX Bakery, Minnesota, [illegible]; XX Bake[illegible] Wisconsin, [illegible]; Cornmeal, [illegible] in pa[illegible] er. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 [illegible] bbl; Fancy, 7 75 a 8 00. Rye Flour, [illegible] buckwheat flour [illegible]

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 17 00a 18[illegible] Coarse, do, 15 00a 16 00; Seconds, 13 00a13 [illegible]

HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, [illegible] per ton. Prime New Loose, 11 [illegible]

East Liberty Live Stock Market

EAST LIBERTY, Oct. 2.

CATTLE—Receipts [illegible] head. Market active. [illegible]

HOGS—Receipts [illegible] head. Market [illegible]

SHEEP—Receipts [illegible] head. Market [illegible]

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